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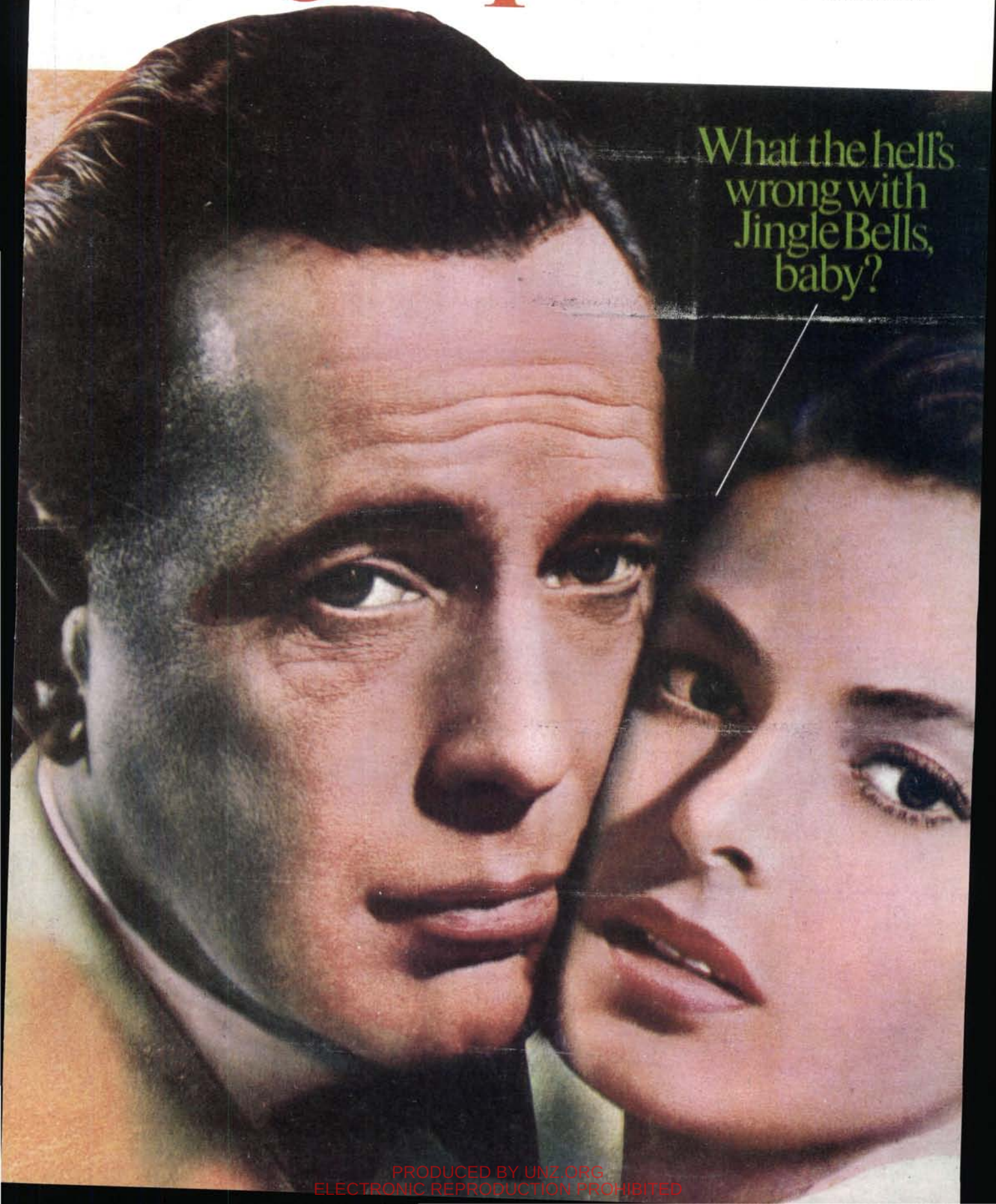

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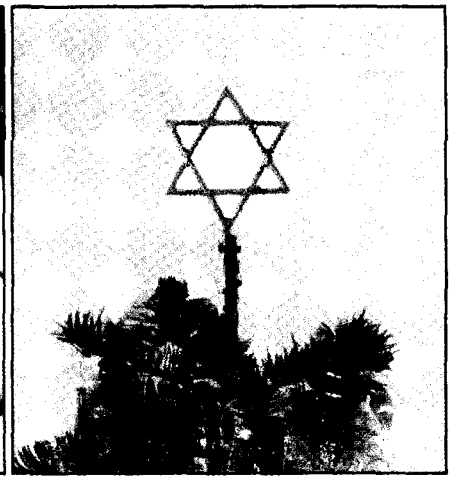

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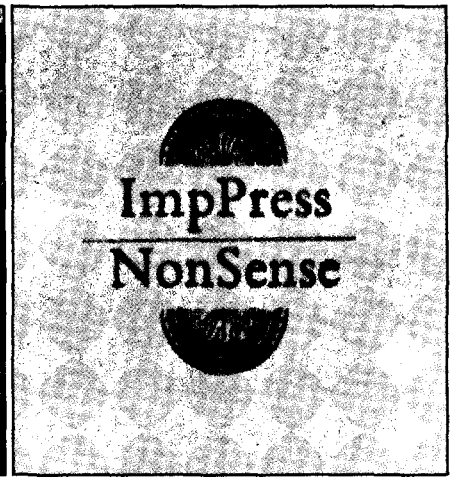

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Marginalia

ditorial:

S THE SEASON
CRY TREASON

Wherein lies treason? With those who protest too much? On the answer rests the future of this country and that of all mankind.

We are at a curious juncture in history. Juridically speaking, though thoroughly immersed in the Cold War, we are at peace. Factually, we are engaged in fighting a war on foreign soil. While once, a mere 12 months ago, we were advising another government and its lacklustre military leaders "how to win" (a curious choice of words) against the Viet Cong and their northern masters, today we are doing most of the actual fighting. Indeed, it was only last February that we extended our participation to include the bombing of North Vietnam. But all this is known, as well as the fact that, at this writing, there are over 170,000 American troops engaged in bringing the Viet Cong and North Vietnam to their several knees.

Quite baldly, the President has launched his second front against the American people, or rather, against the conscience of American people engaged in protest.

The new ingredient, that frightening dimension, can be defined in one word: treason.

This is a most extraordinary situation and one that, if not corrected, will most assuredly lead directly and devastatingly to neo-McCarthyism.

The difficulty of our present position arises out of a loss of perspective. Caught up as we are by the escalation in Vietnam, with all its bombings and casualties, we seem utterly incapable of appreciating the simple fact that we are not in a state of war.

. . . we are not in a state of war . . .

If there is anything that forms the solid foundation for our national viability, it is the presence of our Constitution which very explicitly requires that war may be declared only by Congress. If Congress were formally to declare war, the charge of treason could conceivably be leveled against those who opposed the war, although sober reflection might conclude that some sort of protest, even in wartime, is permissible. A case in point is the official recognition of conscientious objection.

. . . could Congress declare war? . . .

However, in the present instance, against whom could Congress declare war? Surely not against the South Vietnamese to whose rescue we are rushing. The Viet Cong? But they are not a sovereign state nor are they a people; they are in reality a coalition of a large number of political, ethnic, religious and other groups who have for years been in a state of insurgency within their own country.

What of North Vietnam? Actually, there is no *North* Vietnam, from the Vietnamese point of view, if of course we exclude those splintered personalities who profess to be the legitimate government of *South* Vietnam. The fact is that under the Geneva Accords of 1954, the 17th parallel was to be a temporary military demarcation line and when order was restored, after the departure of the French, there was to be an election in Vietnam (not North and/or South as we now delineate the problem). The people would choose their own leaders. But everyone agrees that Ho Chi Minh would have won with a landslide vote, so General Eisenhower called off the elections. Since then we have divided Vietnam into two parts.

. . . Ho Chi Minh would have won . . .

Over this last year, the conscience of America has been awakened to the ugly realities of what we are doing in Vietnam and this conscience has been expressing itself in hundreds of college teach-ins, demonstrations, letters to newspapers, and nagging questions raised in private conversation. The American people have been asking questions and have received evasive and self serving answers from Maxwell Taylor, Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, and others, always, of course, deferring to the ultimate spokes-

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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man, the President. However, this thunder of deception has not done its work; more and more voices are being raised and more and more protests lodged, ranging from draft card burning to the burning of a pacifist beneath McNamara's window in the Pentagon—so terribly reminiscent of those Buddhists who sacrificed themselves in a similar manner in Vietnam several years ago while Madame Nhu referred to the suicides as "barbecues." Will the late pacifist before the Pentagon be so slightly regarded?

. . . the burning of a pacifist . . .

Just as bombs seem to be the ultimate weapon 6,000 miles from here, so too the cry "treason!" is launched as the ultimate weapon on the home front.

If to protest against immorality, if to express one's conscience, is treason, then treason let it be. If to stand on the Bill of Rights and the Constitution is treason, then treason let it be. If to cry out against napalming of women and children is treason, then treason let it be. If to protest for the right of self-determination is treason, then treason let it be.

. . . napalming of women and children . . .

If treason there is, let us not select those who express their conscience; let us rather turn our attention to those who have offended the American conscience. Let us look to those who have cast aside the Constitution and launched their bastard war.

If treason there is, let us root it out because if we do not, then what can the future hold for this country and the world?

If it is treason to protest, then truly we are entering the era of neo-McCarthyism where even an equivocal whisper, once overheard, will be the basis of indictment leading to more than the loss of job or friends. The new indictment will lead to concentration camps (modeled after the "detention camps" of World War II).

If the policy of this government, to be distinguished from the aspirations of the people, is to wage its war until ultimate victory is won, then it should begin to construct its camps because there will be millions waiting to enter them.

There are those who protest against the protestors, who believe we must back the government. They even malign the young, calling them cowards. "Whatsa matter, you afraid to die?" There is only one answer to such a canard: It is said that you only die once, therefore die for the right reason. But this has its corollary: you only live once, therefore live for the right reason.

. . . Whatsa matter, you afraid to die? . . .

Opinion:

TAKE AN ATHEIST TO LUNCH, TODAY

by Peter Riga

To be a Christian means not purely to serve God; it also means to espouse a dynamic social ethic, a service to mankind. It is not a matter merely of theology but also of anthropology. And although Christianity is directed to the "beyond," it is also directed toward action in the realm of the "here below"—to the fostering of science and to the promotion of civilization. Solidarity with the agonies and problems of modern man becomes the sacrament of God's saving presence in the midst of the world: "I was naked and you clothed Me; I was in prison and you came to Me" (Matt. 25:36–40).

The widespread representation of Christianity as the antagonist of the Communist society, or of any social organization, is very dangerous. It creates the impression that the Christian faith is primarily a negative and conservative force in social matters—the strongest bulwark of the Capitalist concept of society and the distributor of wealth. Christianity thereby loses almost all the creative value of the social revolution embedded in its own doctrines.

This is unfortunate, even tragic, since real fidelity to the Christian Gospel, *by Christians*, can revolutionize the world, can make the Church meaningful to modern man and his problems. The Christian Churches can contribute vitally to the reorganization of today's world. Yet this force can effectively be applied only when Christians pay heed to the true causes of the social disease and fight the evil in its roots. We have seen clear evidence of this in the recently-held international conference—the *Pacem in Terris* Convocation in New York—to discuss prospects for peace. It was attended by Christians of every denomination, Communists, Atheists, Buddhists, Hindus and Moslems. It was an historic event in a world where mutual respect is beginning to penetrate the universal clouds of total destruction hanging over all our heads.

The Marxists must recognize this evolution if they are to enter into dialogue with what, up to date, they have persecuted in the name of "alienation." Is a Christianity of this sort necessarily an "alienation" of man from his city and task here below? I think not; and if man is logical, he will have to admit that he is beating to death a dead 19th century carcass. There is a possibility of dialogue here which goes beyond slogans to reality and it ought not to be missed by Marxists.

. . . a dead 19th century carcass . . .

But Christians ought also to realize that

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there is the other side of the dialogue: the understanding of the goals of Atheistic Marxism and the studying of its true characteristics.

It is clear that in the midst of the struggle for a new and better community—for a more deeply developed man—no Christian can stand aloof. Wherever a man's life, work or dignity is threatened, Christian values are at stake. When a man is treated inhumanly, Christ suffers with him.

Christians should therefore recognize that the values challenged today are truly their own, and they are rooted in the Christian heritage. As Christians, we should not be misled by the fact that these values are not expressed in traditional terminology. The struggle for *true* values in the social order has often divorced itself from those personal ones which have become discredited by making religion a private affair. The self-centered values of some Christians are embarrassing. From the point of view of the Christian who has created a religion in his own image and likeness, the entire struggle for peace, freedom and universal brotherhood, as it is being lived and suffered by mankind today, must seem utterly foreign. Other Christians are right to point out that those who strive most courageously and effectively toward the ideals of peace, freedom, unity, and human dignity do not always stand on the ground of Christianity.

. . . values of some Christians are embarrassing . . .

The situation has become incomprehensible in character; words and slogans give only a poor or incomplete picture. Christians must not be misled by the atheistic character of some currents in the world's struggles; they must analyze the situation more deeply so as to understand the jeopardy in each case. A superficial understanding is unworthy of a Christian. Every individual must open his eyes and evaluate, through faith and without prejudice, the reality in which he lives.

For the theoreticians of Communist doctrine and for those who constitute the moving force of present day communism, the perfect society of the future will be essentially atheistic. The transition to a Communist society will be the result not only of a certain program, conventionally established by the organization of work and the distribution of goods, but will also flow from the ontological necessity of things themselves. In order to understand such a theory, one must not think of an opposition between materialism and spiritualism but rather of a materialistic monism; of the unity and autonomy of the empirical world, by which and in which man arises as the supreme conscious manifestation.

. . . the perfect society of the future . . .

Man thus perfects himself by working on the world in the ambient of its socio-economic relations according to the laws of dialectic evolution according to which the future will absorb anterior states. The perfection of this future is compared by the Marxists to the light of a true intuition, the means by which the human person inserts himself into total reality. Such an integration is, in reality, a communion, not an opposition or division. Submission constitutes liberation. The objective order brings about the maturity of the subject. Society signifies the free expansion of each individual within the expansion of all the others. Ideally, this perfection will be the humanistic reduction to reality of every potential and possibility of man, attainable only by a society which refers to all those values: i.e., the spiritual values.

. . . submission constitutes liberation . . .

The result will be that man shall be neither fully conscious of his power nor able to reduce all his possibilities to practice. Either by ignorance or by the deficiency of technical and social evolution and organization (by virtue of which some will usurp that which belongs to all) man cannot be fully realized as yet: he must remain alienated. He must realize himself more fully in the plenitude of social life by freeing himself from the pressures and dominion of these alienations. The state of alienation is expressed in ideologies (philosophical, moral or sociological) which elevate to an absolute what is only relative, transferring that which is really in the hands of men to some supernatural category. Every ideology is an abstract system, superimposed on man, an intentional holding-back of the liberating revolution which certainly attempts to retard it (by class division, by private and public divisions, by divisions between time and eternity). Against a truly human evolution, ideologies subordinate man to nature or to other men or to God.

. . . a feigned relationship to a divine order . . .

Religion has to do with the dependence of man on a feigned relationship to a divine order; it formulates a patient submission to a superior will which offers man consolation by evasion. Religion makes man search outside of himself for himself —which is, of course, pure illusion; it represents a secondary division or defective socio-economic harmony, an expression of alienated man. Thus, in religion, there is no special value. There is, rather, a nefarious influence on man.

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The negation of religion and the consequent reduction of man to the sociotemporal life is not considered by the Marxists as an act of renunciation: either man does not know what he must hope for or do (as among the Agnostics) or he denies that aspirations have any content (pessimistic existentialism). Contrarily, the aspirations which are projected on God in an illusory manner are not in themselves illusory; they can be reduced to reality in the future ideal society which will absorb in itself the "divine values."

... there is a catch in socialism ...

This new form of society has dedicated itself to a united effort toward a new humanism. Christianity is not bound to a particular social system. The Socialist system offers one of several possible solutions to the economic problems of a state. But for Christians there is a catch in socialism. In contrast to the preceding social orders, socialism does not rely on religion for the building-up of society. On the contrary, it labels religion useless, and even dangerous and harmful. The Church seems to be losing her place. A new situation is being created for the Church and Christians. For the first time in her history the Church is encountering an integral, programmed atheism.

Atheism is an organic part of the Marxist world view, which is the main ideological basis of the Socialist state. Marxist atheism is derived from a detailed analysis of the manifestations of religion in the 19th century, and its negation of religion has a predominantly social character.

... not a stimulating utopia ...

Therefore we must take into account two things: 1) atheism has within itself its own eschatology and we must judge it in this light. The "terrestrial paradise of messianism" is not a stimulating utopia. 2) In its own way, Marxism recognizes, whether we like it or not, the reality of the aspirations which religion itself recognizes. Subjectivity is something—a mode of reality, and every tension is toward something. Logically, if in the future society as perfectly realized—some aspirations are transcended, we must consider transcendence as a human constituent and must, therefore, necessarily admit that objective reality corresponds to subjective reality.

We must not approach this whole gamut of explanation as polemic or apologetic. We must use it as a way to dialogue. Pope Paul VI noted that we must hope to accomplish something by fidelity to logic. The anti-agnostic bent and the realistic spirit of Marxism can lead to a positive dialogue which, until now, because of lack of a sincere and open love of truth, has been impossible—as the Pope notes. Precisely because the Marxists tend to recognize the fullness of human reality, we must invite them to consider this tendency to God not as an alienation but rather as a dynamic perfection of man.

Christians sometimes see in the concept of atheism the negation of all moral and religious values; an Atheist is seen as a conglomerate of everything negative. It is true—and an honest and sensitive Atheist is able to admit it—that people have often resorted to atheism to get rid of all moral values and norms. Even today we see such cases. But such an atheism is not the subject of our present analysis. We must distinguish even among the various forms of atheism. It is a gross simplification to identify atheism as a whole with its most negative form. The sweeping declaration that Atheists are "beyond good and evil" is an effort by Christians to relieve themselves of the obligation in truth to penetrate more deeply to the precise nature of atheism and to ask if it was not the poor example of Christians that helped give rise to it. Our daily contact with various kinds of Atheists forces us to recognize that Marxist atheism is not merely a biased denial of religion from a trifling encounter with some shallow-souled believer (which kind of encounter, incidentally, gives little witness to faith), but that such an atheism represents instead a struggle from a new starting-point for a solution of moral problems and, in fact, of the basic questions of life. Marxist atheism appears as a humanistic view of life claiming the whole man and seeking to solve all his problems, thus giving him a certitude and moral norm for living such as that found through faith.

... Atheists are "beyond good and evil"...

... attendance figures for Sunday Mass ...

Marxist atheism is more than simply an anti-church or anti-religious campaign. If we were to judge Marxist atheism in our country solely on the basis of its propaganda, the picture would be just as poor as would be a judgment on religious consciousness based on attendance figures for Sunday Mass. Marxist atheism is striving for a revolutionary world view. It is trying, in the spirit of our times, to restore to people a purpose in life and to give the whole struggle of mankind a higher meaning. We cannot ignore this effort to the extent that it is directed at human and moral progress.

Even more to the point, Marxist athe-

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"Where ignorant armies clash by night"

DOVER BEACH,
Matthew Arnold

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From the introduction to RAMPARTS' *special report on Southeast Asia:*

The virgin issue in our Vietnam policy is the moral one. The Lilliputian measures of public dissent have been couched in supremely practical terms: How are we going about the war? Should we be escalating or negotiating? Are our policies efficient? Are we winning?

These are reasonable questions, asked by reasonable men. The *unreasonable* question is *why?*

But this is the essential query. It is what must be asked before any rational discussion of policy alternatives is possible. It is the question RAMPARTS asks in our special report on the moral disaster of our Southeast Asia policy.

The Cold War and its hot complexes are no longer as simple-minded as they appeared in the late 1940's. This is a post-Vandenberg era: foreign policy should be *debatable*. Indeed, it *must* be debated if this country is to rid itself of the clumsy, generous, para-missionary, quasi-gangbusters crazyquilt of little reality that has covered our bipartisan foreign policy through four administrations.

There can be no better place to begin such a debate than over our Southeast Asia policy. We *know* it doesn't work. Let us ask *why*.—THE EDITORS.

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ism makes a crushing indictment of Christians. If we examine its criticism, we can recognize that its most important argument is the fact that Christianity, during its almost two thousand years of existence, has failed to do away with poverty, servitude, wars, and social disorder. Christians have betrayed their mission in the world. They have allowed their faith to be used to support the powerful against the weak, to become a weapon against the small, to contribute to their bondage. They cannot erase these facts from the history of Christianity. They can only learn, and in a spirit of deep humility before the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, acknowledge the guilt of past generations.

. . . Christians have betrayed their mission . . .

From all this, two consequences: 1) The Marxists' interpretations of the human vocation and of religion are, in the empirical order, inadequate. Marxists' accusations are painful because of their incompleteness. But is it possible, they must ask themselves, that at least in part, their system was constructed with a view of religion which, in reality, is not religion at all, or false religion? We must study the hidden causes in the roots which have lead them to a denial of God. Religion is not an alienation, even if some—or many—Christians have made it appear in the eyes of many as an evasion of human problems and an evasion from involvement with man's concrete aspirations and agonies. We must continuously purify religion of that particular class of alienating factors (individualism, clericalism, spiritual non-involvement) which have become mixed up in the eschatology of Christianity. We must call particular attention to the forgetfulness of the social demands of charity and of religious morality which gives possibilities to construct a better world for man. Marxist doctrine formulated in the past century has not changed at all even if reality has changed; we must hope that slowly it will change and end by opting for a dialogue with the Church.

. . . an evasion of human problems . . .

There can be no question that atheism and religion are irreconcilable antagonists. But each must seek as deep an understanding as possible of the other's ends and causes. We cannot ignore permanently the Atheist's struggle for his goals. Christians must take atheism into account not only as a criticism of their own practices, but even as a possible answer to the question of life. I am not suggesting that for Christians the atheistic answer is on the same plane as the Christian, but I do think the time has come to take into account seriously the Christian response to the question of life in the world is formulated through the grace of belief. But it does not involve any contempt for those who have not been given this belief. Can the Christian be certain, in fact, that it is not his own unfaithfulness to the heritage of Christ that has prompted some to say "No" to God's calling?

. . . "No" to God's calling? . . .

The Christian must strive for a deeper evaluation of atheism and its consequences. He must recognize in particular the fact that many Atheists take questions of life as seriously and earnestly as he does, that they often struggle equally to subdue all that is brutal in them and to realize the deeper qualities of human character. Atheistic efforts must be approached with seriousness and understanding. One sign of our age is that it strives for mutual understanding and sympathy. We sometimes complain about a lack of understanding on the part of an atheistic administration. But what have we done toward an understanding of the atheism in our country? It is therefore a matter of analyzing oneself as a Christian and of divorcing oneself from those forms of action, often identified with Christianity, which, pays tribute to a past world.

2) Christianity—without reason—is considered as an ideological system which alienates concrete reality. With the Church, the Marxists admire and imitate the love of reasoning; but they accuse the Church of abstractionalism. For this reason, the Church must show them clearly and incessantly that She is founded in an historical fact, in the personal revelation of the love of God and Christ, and that her doctrine is in accord with the integral reality of man; that it appears as a transcendental fact beyond the variable socio-economic structures. A fact and not only a past; a transforming force projected toward the future. It is not a closed doctrinal system. The Christian fact illuminates man insofar as it shows a direction, a goal, and thus engenders confidence in man himself; but the Church must be careful not to give the impression that She can illuminate all the complications of human reality by deducing from them given principles, as if the Church or Christianity is a reasoning mechanism or computer. There are mountains of problems to be approached in humility, openness, sincerity and a willingness to learn. Among other problems facing the dialogue is the care Christians must take not to reduce

. . . Marxists admire and imitate . . .

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. . . an imaginative translation to heaven . . .

the future life to an imaginative translation to heaven. As revelation clearly shows, we must insist on the present transformation here below of the present social and cosmic reality in the same way that Christ sanctified His body not by destroying or leaving it, but by transforming it in His Resurrection.

Christianity, as the nominal way of life of almost a quarter of mankind, should be leading all men toward an acceptance of everything positive in the world today: all that is born, lives and develops under the impact of the present.

Let us not break off the dialogue by neglecting the art of understanding.

Peter Riga, a Roman Catholic priest, is Professor of Theology at the University of Notre Dame.

Cetera:

'ORLD WITHIN A WORLD

tricia Bosworth

No less than 5,000 discotheques have opened across the country. People swarm into these boîtes to shake, rattle and roll as if their lives depend on it.

It all began in 1947 when French journalist Jean Claude Merle decided to open a private club on Paris' Left Bank. Members would dance and drink to records for just enough to pay the rent. Among the first recruits were Sydney Chaplin and Françoise Sagan. Merle's "discotheque," which means literally "record library," became Paris' most popular hangout for artists and writers.

. . . all the iskey you can :hug-a-lug . . .

Then a friend of Merle's opened a similar club called Whiskey-A-Go-Go (translation: all the whiskey you can chug-a-lug) and the trend was on. Eventually, over 75 discotheques opened in Paris.

The discotheque fad caught on in the United States in 1962 when Igor (Gi-Gi to his friends) Cassini opened one in New York City—a place called Le Club, located in a reconverted stable on Manhattan's Eastside. Decorated with fancy tapestries and a collection of old guns, and sporting a mammoth fireplace—flush with the dance floor—Le Club caught on immediately; it was impossible to get inside unless you were a member or "knew somebody." Jackie Kennedy came and so did Frank Sinatra. So did most of the UN. Now, the competition between New York City's discotheques verges on the ludicrous.

Currently reigning as the most "in" of all New York's discotheques is The Arthur, operated by Sybil Burton Christopher, the white-maned, plump and lisping ex-wife of actor Richard Burton. Not long ago, after a long wait, some friends and I stepped into the gloomy recesses of The Arthur's foyer. Greeting us were enormous photographs of Sybil perched on the shoulders of her husband's trio, "The Wild Ones."

Again, another wait but this time we were rewarded with a rhythmic pulsing sound, assurance that we were in the club. We could hear music and excited laughter coming from the dance floor to our left. Then a waiter in a pink shirt stumbled by, carrying sandwiches and wine.

At length we were escorted down a long corridor and into The Arthur's back room.

Noise enveloped us—words bouncing off the purr of an air conditioner. Color tones, beige and flesh. There was no attempt at decoration. Skimpy electric candles drooped from the wall.

To the left stood the bar, rich with the scent of whiskey, melting ice, and fresh lemon peel. Faggy hairdressers pressed their cool hard faces into the cigarette smoke and appraised us with narrowed eyes. I saw a half-exposed breast. I caught the sheen of lacquer on a blonde's fake top-knot.

. . . a blonde's fake top-knot . . .

Reaching our table, a large one and on the side so we had an excellent view, we ordered drinks. They were served to us with a great deal of flourish by an English waiter. The gin and tonic tasted watery.

Around midnight we ordered The Arthur Tidbits—bacon wrapped around chicken liver and spare-ribs—not bad for five bucks a plate.

As time went by the noise accelerated in the room and the crowd at the bar thickened. A girl tried to inch her way through the crush, mournfully carrying a wilting rose.

Later, a theatrical agent dropped by our table and pontificated on why he goes to The Arthur. "I'm under terrific pressures. Here I can be released. My problems disappear here. I forget. You have to go with the atmosphere of this place—you can't analyze it." He waved frantically as Sybil Burton Christopher trotted across the room. She was followed by her gum-chewing, young husband. Both seemed singularly bored.

. . . Sybil seemed deliriously happy . . .

The Christophers sat ringside and surveyed their club. Jordon's sideburns swooped dangerously close to his nose and he continued to chew gum while he drank. Sybil seemed deliriously happy. Neither spoke. The famous honeymooners resembled a newspaper photograph—familiar and slightly grimy about the edges.

Still later, a dress manufacturer joined us and told why he and others had helped

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finance the Arthur. "It's a camp," he said. "We don't need the money. We'd be out someplace every night anyway. If it doesn't last, who cares? At least for a while we'll have a place it was chic to steal ashtrays from. Look at the matchbooks. Real camp." He showed a book of matches imprinted with a replica of Whistler's Mother. "Marvelous put-down. Who'd ever think of putting Whistler's Mother on a matchbook?"

. . . Whistler's Mother on a matchbook . . .

The theatrical agent interrupted. "Discotheques will never go out of style," he insisted. "Americans love to dance. They loved to dance the Charleston in the '20s and the Big Apple in the '30s. But for 15 years there was no place to dance. Now there is. I think the discotheque is a healthy, marvelous expression of the times."

The healthy, marvelous expression of the times was best exemplified on The Arthur's dance floor which we reached around one A.M. Here the music was a driving, ear-splitting Mersey beat. Jordon Christopher and his Wild Ones entertained in an arrogant, braying manner.

. . . incredible bumps and grinds . . .

The murky dance floor was jammed. Girls in bell bottom trousers and see-through sweaters writhed about and did incredible bumps and grinds. They never looked at their partners but at their own reflections melting in the blackish mirror which covered one wall. Reflected also were middle-aged couples performing a slightly more sedate frug while men in business suits raised their arms to the ceiling as if calling up some evil spirit. One blond boy jumped up and down like a mad jack-in-the-box.

In the aisle between the low, crowded tables, a photographer bent close to the dancers and shot part of a documentary film. His camera focused on one couple dressed in identical black graduation gowns. Every so often the girl—heavy set and wearing dark glasses—would hoist her partner onto her back and rock him like a sack of flour; he would then repeat the same action with her. Later he beat her about the face with his necktie, occasionally slapping at other couples who protested good-naturedly. The girl ended up shaking her head violently as a dog does coming out of the water.

. . . rock him like a sack of flour . . .

"It's not dancing," remarked a former restaurateur after viewing The Arthur's dance floor. "But it's easy to see why the Frug and the Watusi are so popular. For the first time woman is free. It's always been 'she is a good dancer—she follows well.' Now she doesn't have to follow anybody but her own instincts—her own inclinations." He pointed to a slim redhead. "Her partner doesn't exist for her." It was true. Mouth agape, bare back turned to her escort, the redhead responded to the Wild Ones' beat in a sensual and provoking manner. "These non-dances are exhibitions. Woman loves to show-off."

. . . the music seemed to explode . . .

By two A.M., the music seemed to explode. The Arthur rippled with sound. "HO-HOLD ME! THRILL ME! KISS ME! NEVER LE-LET MEEE GO!" An actor ran to our table and knelt beside it. "Be totally involved—" he panted, his face wet. "Work up a real good sweat and you won't need a sleeping pill!"

By now the behavior on the dance floor seemed almost orgiastic. A hundred people moved across the room like the crowd at Macy's sale.

"Tracks Of My Tears!" wailed the Yardbirds, revved up high.

Couples began to mouth the lyrics, swaying trance-like to the repetitive, knocking beat.

The music rose to a piercing crescendo and men sweated in their own private worlds; girls in ponytails narcissistically danced with their mirror images. Fingers extended and torsos contracted, rumps jogged and eyes glazed over. Everybody pushing, bumping and yet curiously isolated.

"I Cain't Git No Sat-Is-Fac-Shun—No No Noooo!" screamed the Rolling Stones, and the couples on the dance floor continued their non-dances, mute and wiggling against the air conditioner's icy blast. The ceiling lights blinked on and off like traffic signs and then over the loudspeaker, "We're On The Eve Of Destruction, Babe."

After my night at The Arthur, I was so exhausted I took a day off and relaxed at an old Cary Grant movie. Then I was off again. This time to The Scene, mainly because my friends insisted it was *the* place to go. Reason? "It's for swingers."

. . . a haven for Broadway chorus kids . . .

The Scene turned out to be a vast, dimly lit cellar discotheque at West 46th Street and 8th Avenue. Because it's in the center of the theatre district it serves as a haven for Broadway chorus kids. Dancers from the Hullabaloo and Shindig TV shows go there too, so you see some terrific dancing. And all the hired help at The Scene are aspiring artists. The bartender is a photographer, the bouncer an out-of-work comic, and the waitresses are either singers or actresses.

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A 'divine discontent' led them to success in writing

Now these famous authors are helping others who feel the same restless urge for self-expression

By Thomas Lyle Collins

Rod Serling, fired from his first writing job, went on to become a leading TV dramatist *(The Twilight Zone)*, winner of five Emmy Awards.

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write.

They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart even from family and friends. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives, loving grandparents . . . but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift the poet Charles Kingsley called "divine discontent." It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived . . . to express your faith or your philosophy . . . to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings . . .

Many successful writers know the same feelings

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist *(Barefoot Boy With Cheek*, the *Dobie Gillis* TV show) wrote because "life was bitter and I was not. All around me was poverty and sordidness. By turning it into jokes, I made it bearable." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write . . . you keep on trying."

Faith Baldwin's "divine discontent" helped her produce 50 novels, including many best-sellers, while raising four children.

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares the feeling of "divine discontent" has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing . . . or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of writing school

Five years ago, twelve successful authors — Max Shulman, Faith Baldwin, Rod Serling, Bruce Catton, J. D. Ratcliff, Bennett Cerf, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman — joined forces to form the Famous Writers School.

Their aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help they themselves would have welcomed when they were starting out. They poured all of their secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then they worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return an assignment, one of the School's instructors — themselves all professional writers — spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. Then you get your work back with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Students breaking into print

The School is young. Yet students, most of them still in training, have already sold their work to more than 100 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, Redbook, Parents', Popular Science.*

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be, no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "I've just sold a story to *True* for $1,000," reports a California insurance agent. "This is the first thing I've had published in over 20 years of trying, and I owe it all to you fellows back there."

"I've done it!" writes housewife Lillian Maas, after selling her first article to *Better Homes & Gardens.* "I feel as if I'd joined a club composed of the most vital and literate individuals in the country. How my horizons have widened!"

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, the twelve Famous Writers have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of the School's instructional staff. If you do well on the Test — or offer other evidence of writing aptitude — you may enroll for professional training. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

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Unlike The Arthur, where limousines park outside, fat glossy motorcycles purr next to The Scene. "Sometimes I'm afraid they're going to drive those bikes right down into the bar," the bouncer remarked as soon as I came into the club. Together we gazed up the steep flight of stairs which led to 46th Street. Sure enough, a Vespa careened to a stop inches away from the entrance and seconds later two young girls trotted down into the discotheque. They were around 17 and had fresh, rosy complexions. Clutching wallets and combs in their fists, they spoke softly to each other as if plotting a conspiracy.

. . . as if plotting a conspiracy . . .

The music came blasting out from The Scene's dance floor. Joan Baez sang a mournful "There But For You Go IIII." After awhile I sat down in the brick-walled foyer and just watched.

To my right was a cave-like bar where teen-age waitresses wearing black knee socks padded in and out with trays of cokes. Moustached boys hung around the cigarette machine, looking bored. Ahead of me was the dance floor, jammed with kids—Negro and white—all dancing with superb casualness.

Around midnight I asked to speak to Steve Paul, 23-year-old millionaire owner of The Scene. I was told he was in his hotel room watching himself on TV.

So, it turned out, were many of his youthful customers. Despite the rollicking music and talk, a dozen youngsters sprawled close to a portable TV plugged into the coatroom door. "Listen to Steve, man. Is he putting him down!" someone chortled happily.

I went over to take a look.

The image of Steve Paul blurred a bit on the TV screen but I could see his nose, handsome and a bit arrogant. He was booted and coiffed like one of Herman's Hermits. At the moment he was kidding sportswriter Jimmy Cannon.

CANNON: "Why do you wear such an outfit?"

PAUL (taking a long admiring look at himself in the TV monitor before he answered in low, hushed tones): "Your taste doesn't do much for me, either."

. . . mesmerized by Steve Paul . . .

This conversation continued, with Les Crane moderating, for about a half hour. Everyone at The Scene seemed mesmerized by Steve Paul.

Everyone, save the girl behind me. Dressed in a black leotard, she performed a solo modern dance to the tune of the Beatles' "Help!" which roared over the hi-fi system. She plied, she twirled, she leaped between tables, chairs and customers. Every so often she'd curse and shake her head and then begin dancing again. In front of her Steve Paul stared blindly out of the TV screen.

. . . bouncer and headwaiter converged . . .

Because the TV show had been previously taped, Paul appeared at The Scene moments after the program went off. He appeared anxious and out of breath.

Almost immediately, bouncer and headwaiter converged on him and the three conducted a heated conversation. Paul towered above his employees, his shoulders heavy under a beautiful, turquoise blue sweater. His hair was long and slick with grease.

While he was speaking, Huntington Hartford and a party of socialites burbled into The Scene and back toward the discotheque's last room. Paul loped after them. Two photographers followed, with much clattering of camera equipment. "They come here every night to record what happens," the bouncer told me. "Listen, if you want to talk to Steve, you'd better catch him soon; he's a busy boy tonight."

A few minutes later I managed to grab Steve near the hi-fi equipment. We shook hands. "Everything's breaking, you know," he murmured. "I was on TV." He lowered his eyes and then tapped the pimples on his cheek with a nervous finger.

. . . Huntington Hartford's throwing a birthday party . . .

"Huntington Hartford's throwing a birthday party for his wife see . . . it's gotta swing."

While Hartford and his group were getting settled, Paul jogged in and out of The Scene's interconnecting rooms. He double-checked the selection of records on the hi-fi: "Best sound system in New York, worth 6,000 bucks," he told me before running off to get more folding chairs out of the coatroom. Then he urged the waitresses to be fast with the orders. Only when he was assured by Hartford and his entourage that everything was "divine!" did Paul agree to talk with me.

We left his discotheque and crossed 46th Street to a dimly lit bar. Paul headed for a back table. After ordering chocolate pie and lemonade, he began to speak about The Scene and its purpose as a discotheque.

"The Scene is a world within a world of reality," he told me. "The ultimate thing a person can achieve in our place is slumming without slumming." Then he added irrelevantly, "Did you know I'm the only discotheque owner to come out of this a personality? I see myself as a combina-

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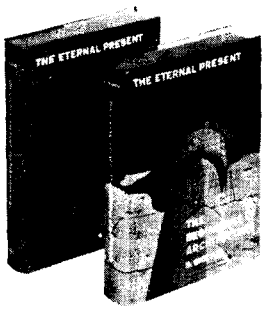

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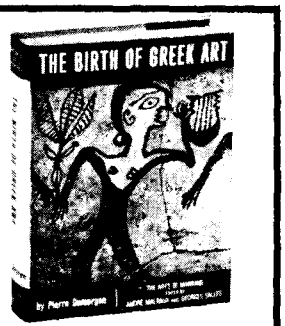

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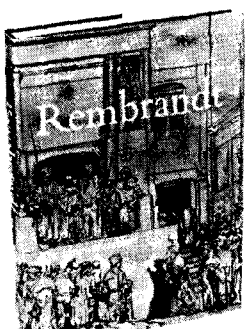

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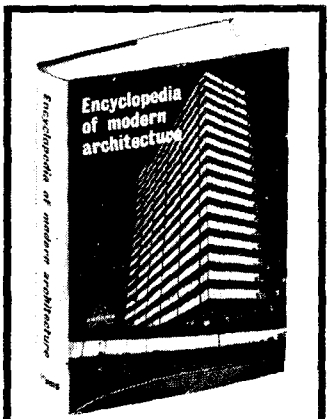

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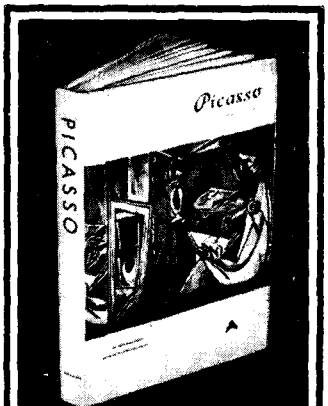

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tion of Merv Griffin, Johnny Carson and David Susskind. I make people talk." Chewing meditatively on his nails, he continued, "Back to The Scene. I want a place where everybody feels free; that's my schtick. Freedom. I want everybody to lose their inhibitions. That's why The Scene is ahead of its time as a nightclub. Because it is where things are allowed to happen. Everybody who works at The Scene is creative. Waiters are actors, our doorman is a damn good comic. We encourage everybody to perform, by the way, and in doing that we create our own world."

. . . our doorman is a damn good comic . . .

"Within the world of reality?" I chorused.

"Right!" Paul grinned sweetly to himself. "Our cusomers enjoy getting up to perform. They spout Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams, Albee, anything they want; they dance to it if they want. It is exciting." He sighed. "Everything in life should be loose and free the way it is at The Scene. Each night our show is different—spontaneous, improvised. Like one night Sammy Davis' understudy got up and sang and afterward Sammy performed. But because he wanted to." Paul sucked on his lemonade. "I graduated high school at 16 and the next year I was press agent for the Peppermint Lounge so I know how to create an image—push an image—but the first six months I lost money on The Scene because I wanted it to be a place first of all where show people could come and relax, perform or do anything they want. Now The Scene is simply The Scene and what's happening at the moment."

. . . Paul sucked on his lemonade . . .

What were The Scene's future plans?

"I'd like to have a Scene on TV, with me moderating and showing new talent," Paul said firmly, gazing down at the tabletop. "Something may be in the works now. But the discotheque Scene will always be there—because it's real. *Real.* I don't depend on cafe society—or anybody—but I know kids will always come to The Scene. It's their place." He lapsed into silence and bit his nails. "Listen, I better get back," he murmured. "You know, the Huntington Hartford birthday party . . ."

After paying the check he ran out into the night and loped across the street. Moments later he was making sure of that world within the world of reality which is The Scene.

I finished my discotheque tour at Trude Heller's.

Trude Heller's is, according to Trude Heller, the best place in town. "It has the fire," she'll tell you in her hoarse cigarette voice. "It has the fire."

Mrs. Heller ought to know how to make it. She's been in the restaurant and nightclub business 20 years. "I know the people, I understand the music and I know what works," she says. She also has a damn good press agent, hired after two of her clubs flopped.

To prevent this from ever happening again, Trude Heller sees to it that her name is in the papers every day, that Trude Heller combos play at fashion shows and benefits. This fall she will produce her first concert at Lincoln Center starring The Supremes.

The evening I visited Trude Heller's (located in Greenwich Village) the music was so loud it seemed to beat right into my bloodstream and through my heart. An uncomfortable feeling; I had the distinct impression I was swallowing the sound: electric guitars, drum and three singers clogged in my windpipe! I watched paid dancers do back bends. Next to them middle-aged couples frugged rather listlessly. Once a muscular blonde in a pink bathing suit watusied on the wall ledge above the tables.

. . . three singers clogged in my windpipe . . .

When Mrs. Heller joined me she had a perplexed frown between her brows. "I never seen Trude Heller's like this before," she confided. "It was full when you got here, wasn't it?" I told her it didn't matter and she sank down next to me at the table. "You're telling me?" she demanded and she lit a filter-tip cigarette.

After ordering coffee and brandy she began to talk. "Notice all the people who come here? We get a complete cross section of the country: Sybil dancing with Nureyev; Javits with Lena Horne; kids from New Jersey, from the mid-west. The other night a man came in with his daughter. Said he was from Indiana and he'd come to New York to see two things: The Statue of Liberty and Trude Heller's."

. . . Javits with Lena Horne . . .

At one-thirty I heard a slight commotion at the entrance as Monti Rock III came into Trude Heller's.

His hair was long. He had a stubble of beard on his chin and a gold earring gleamed in one ear. He wore teeny tiny dark glasses and a cross swung outside his striped shirt.

He headed directly for our table.

"Now you're in for a real treat." Trude's press agent whispered.

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I watched the strange figure approach. He seemed half Biblical, half Beat. He took off his dark glasses and dangled them in his hand. He appeared to have just awakened, for his cheeks were puffy and he moved as if in a daze.

"WOOWEE!" the press agent muttered.

"I started Monti out at Trude Heller's a year ago," said Trude as she put a hand on my arm. "Monti was the biggest hairdresser at Saks, but suddenly he wanted to be a singer, so I gave him his start. He's tremendously popular, everybody likes him. He cuts some records—next week we're having him back for a return engagement."

. . . "Hi ya rude baby" . . .

Monti Rock III clasped Trude's fingers gently and then leaning close he brushed her cheek with his stubble. "Hi ya Trude baby," he whispered.

"Hello Monti!" Trude barked cheerfully. "Sit down and tell us what you been been doing with yourself."

"I been recording, man, so no, man, like I can't." Hunching his shoulders, he grimaced as if in pain.

Trude Heller smiled sympathetically.

Half crouching now, Monti slung a secret agent raincoat across his shoulders and moved away to greet other customers.

A few moments later one of the musicians announced: "Ladies and gentlemen! We have a real treat for you, we've persuaded Monti Rock III to do a couple of numbers for you! A big hand for the one and only Monti Rock III!" Guitars and drums beat and thumped as Monti gallumphed between tables. A few customers started applauding.

When Monti reached the bandstand he started to stammer. "Th-this is for you Trudy baby and you know why man an-and if you cats don' like it you know what you can do."

The audience cheered him on. The music started up and Monti bent over as if he had stomach cramps. Then he began to sing.

His long hair flopped back and forth like a mop on a stick. Soon perspiration mingled with the stubble on his chin and his eyes gleamed. So did his gold earring. He sang so recklessly and with such intense abandon I thought he was going to have a heart attack. He kept on singing; once during the number he broke himself up and he giggled, then he hugged his own waist.

The customers flipped. They started kicking the floor, urging him to sing another number. Monti went to a half kneel and shook his fist at the band. "Once Again Now!" he pleaded in a clear tenor before he embraced the microphone. "All Tooo-Geh-Therr Nowummoooo!!"

On the floor, the dancers responded with cries and flashy movements. Girls wiggled their bottoms in a frenzy, men spread their arms as if welcoming a new dawn.

"All Together For One Las' Time!" Monti commanded, holding the microphone like a sword.

In front of him the dancers swayed to the wa-wa beat and, for a moment, violent dreams and inhibitions floated into the air, mingling with the cigarette smoke.

Monti sang on and on, but I noticed Trude Heller had disappeared.

I found her in the stock room counting whiskey bottles.

. . . all this is nonsense . . .

"Glad you enjoyed yourself," she said. "Trude Heller aims to please. But there's just one thing you ought to remember. All this is nonsense you know." Shrugging her shoulders in the direction of the wild music she repeated, "It's all nonsense. So much more important to keep your health."

Patricia Bosworth, a free-lance writer, is a frequent contributor to the Sunday New York Herald Tribune *magazine.*

Letters:

THOREAU ANALYSIS

SIRS:

Your article on the abolition of slavery (November 1965) recalls one of the greatest predictions ever made. When the news first reached Concord, Massachusetts, that an apparently insane outlaw named John Brown had attacked the United States Army at Harpers Ferry, and was being tried for treason, Henry David Thoreau concluded a major public address with this startling prediction:

"I foresee the time when the painter will paint that scene, no longer going to Rome for a subject; the poet will sing it; the historian record it; and, with the landing of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence, it will be the ornament of some future national gallery, when at least the present form of slavery shall be no more here."

. . . a nature lover . . .

It is significant that Thoreau, the radical social philosopher who made that remarkable prophecy, is usually presented to American students as a nature lover disinterested in society. Yet Ghandi and Martin Luther King say they got the name and

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. . . he favored going to jail . . .

inspiration for their civil disobedience movements from Thoreau; his writings were read as a Bible at the early meetings of Britain's Labor Party; and his articulate opposition to our war against Mexico (he favored going to jail rather than pay taxes to support it) inspires many of today's opponents of our war in Vietnam.

DANIEL J. BERNSTEIN
Scarsdale, New York.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

SIRS:

In less than a year, RAMPARTS has become the one periodical to which I avidly look forward each month. You have somehow managed to achieve that miracle of modern man: an open, intelligent, probing mind.

This letter of thanks is prompted, in general, by the persistent excellence of your publication, and, in particular, by my profound admiration for the current issue on the Vatican Council (October 1965). I was especially moved by the succinct, pellucid, and eloquent essay of Mr. Cohen.

ALVAN R. FEINSTEIN, M.D.
New Haven, Connecticut.

SIRS:

You are too destructive in your criticisms of the Church (RC that is). But many of your "secular" articles are well done. Hence my renewal — but with reservations!

REV. WALTER LALLEMAND
Dorval, Quebec, Canada

. . . who's paying the bills? . . .

SIRS:

. . . I appreciate and applaud your very fine magazine. However, the very fact that your quality is so high bothers me. Your views are controversial and while I am, I find, generally in accord with them I would like to know where your money is coming from. That is, I want to know how you can put out a magazine like RAMPARTS — you have no advertisers and (I'm guessing) no wide distribution. So who's paying the bills?

(MRS.) HAZEL KERNS-MOWRY
Detroit, Michigan

SIRS:

Kindly keep your left wing trash out of my home. I am not a Socialist.

RICHARD F. MULLEN
Paterson, New Jersey

SIRS:

Like so many of your contemporaries you erroneously believe it to be constructive to cast slandering remarks and make critical comments of such a nature as to weaken, rather than strengthen, the few remaining great bastions of morality and goodness remaining in this world.

. . . like a snarling tiger . . .

You claim your magazine exposes hypocrisy. In this I do agree! I see a Catholic layman clawing at his Faith like a snarling tiger in a cage, trying to find a new way out. Your 'way' is not the Catholic (or Christian) way, I assure you. As I recall from history there were many who felt as you do now, during the Reformation.

I can only come to the following conclusions: You [Mr. Keating] have been excommunicated from the Church; or you have been severely rebuffed by your Church officials and are seeking revenge; or you are living in mortal sin; or you never were a true Catholic but only profess the Catholic Faith for an ulterior motive. Remarkable conclusions, what?

RICHARD G. DOWELL
La Habra, California

PUZZLED

SIRS:

It is said that your magazine is published by a Catholic layman. Perhaps, but it is difficult to comprehend this fine publication as going hand-in-hand with bead-rattling or mezuzah-kissing.

JACK H. LEVIN
Covina, California

. . . the capsule comments on the left hand margins . . .

SIRS:

I have yet to figure out the rationale behind the capsule comments on the left hand margins of the editorial pages. They elucidate nothing.

BRUCE C. JOHNSTON
New York City

SIRS:

Hello. I'm only halfway through the first issue of your magazine I've ever read, but I can't contain myself, so, rather than scream and dance on the tables and force the long-suffering librarian to throw me out, I thought I'd write to you. Who/whatever you are.

EILEEN GUNN
Brookline, Massachusetts

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Regrets:

SIRS:

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for the past year because I welcomed your liberal editorial policies and forthright stand on many of the controversial and sacrosanct issues of our days.

However, I am shocked and disturbed by the story which appeared in your November 1965 issue, "The Last Jew in America" by Leslie A. Fiedler. I would defend to the last your right to criticize some undesirable and self-destructive trends within the Jewish minority in America, but I seriously question the wisdom and propriety of publishing a story which wallows in self-hatred and paints a picture of the Jews in America which can only evoke feelings of disgust and distrust in your readers. Everyone of the characters portrayed represents one of that lunatic and self-hating fringe which one finds in any group, which is totally atypical of the group as a whole and such a portrayal can only contribute to the already existing misconceptions and prejudices which are all too prevalent in our society.

But even more obnoxious are the illustrations. They could have been taken right out of the pages of that infamous hatesheet "Der Stuermer" which the writer mentions (in a not too pleasant association, for we always knew that it pictured a non-existent Jew) and which for all of us who have lived with it and experienced the results of its hate-mongering represents the most detestable and dangerous kind of hate literature which one could imagine.

I deeply regret that you whom we alway considered a liberal and a man dedicated to the betterment of human relations did not use better judgment in your editorial policy and that you did stoop to such a low level of journalism.

DR. LILLI RAHN (Mrs. Alfred H.)
Denver, Colorado

SIRS:

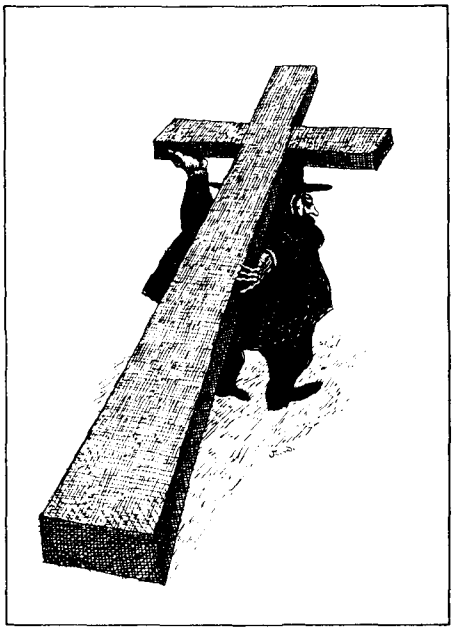
My attention has been called to Leslie Fiedler's story, "The Last Jew in America," published in the November issue of RAMPARTS. Understandably, a number of your readers have been disturbed by the illustrations for this piece by artist Rick Schreiter which, to put it mildly, are strongly reminiscent of the ghastly art work featured in "Der Stuermer," the magazine in Nazi Germany published by Hitler's arch anti-Semite Julius Streicher.

I do not, of course, impute to RAMPARTS the motivation or philosophy of "Der Stuermer." We recognize your convictions and efforts in the area of combating bigotry.

But in striving to convey the mood of Mr. Fiedler's piece, the artist has created illustrations which cannot but reinforce stereotypes about Jews in the minds of readers. Especially the browsers and non-subscribers who merely leaf through RAMPARTS and receive this gratuitous and ugly depiction of Jews assembled for their most sacred day of prayer—Yom Kippur.

Within the context of Yom Kippur the art-work becomes doubly offensive and shocking. You are well aware of the effect of stereotyping by cartoons, on Negroes in America and on Jews in Nazi Germany. That RAMPARTS could have lent itself, even unwarily, to the same type of contempt-inspiring "art" is regrettable and does a disservice to the Jewish people and their respect for a sacred religious ceremony.

STANLEY S. JACOBS
Regional Director
Anti-Defamation League



The editors of RAMPARTS *wish to apologize to those readers who were offended by the illustrations accompanying "The Last Jew in America" by Leslie A. Fiedler. The only defense we can offer is that of ignorance of the similarity of the artist's illustrations and the work that appeared in the Nazi "Der Stuermer."*

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WARNER BROS.
"Casablanca"
CLAUDE RAINS · CONRAD VEIDT · SYDNEY GREENSTREET · PETER LORRE
A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

There he was in person, Humphrey Bogart!

I only saw him once and that was 20 years ago, but I can still feel the pulse speed up as it hit me that there he was in person, Humphrey Bogart! So close I could have reached out and touched him as he staggered by.

The magic still works even on the Late, Late Show because, like the Dashiell Hammett character he brought to life, he represented then and represents still, the wish-dream of us all, the secret life all us Walter Mittys long for. That's why the nostalgia is so strong.

During The War—and that phrase sets the time and sets the generation, because for us it will always be *The War;* Korea, Vietnam and anything else to the contrary notwithstanding—you used him

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to get by the censors to say you were in North Africa or even more specifically in Casablanca. I remember in London reading in a V-Mail from a radio operator for the Office of War Information the censorable truth. "I am sitting in Rick's Place," he began an otherwise artless letter, and we knew, positively and unmistakably and to the street almost, where he was. "Don't play that song, Sam..."

Then back in New York in the nightmare of the first post-war years when the whole world began its moon shot that somehow got out of control and shifted all the choices so they were no longer simple rights and wrongs, I actually saw him.

It was in Jack Bleeck's, the Artists & Writers Café adjacent to the Herald Tribune building. He had been eating and drinking in the back room with Lauren Bacall, of course (and who had the women he had, and who had not dreamed of having them? Bergman...! Bacall...!) and he came crashing out along the huge inverted L-shaped bar that ran the length of the room, bouncing off it like a cue ball snapping back to the cushion again and again with inside English.

The celebrity-hardened patrons casually stood back and let him bounce his way out, the grey fedora snap-brimmed and dapper, the cigarette, the inevitable cigarette, hanging from one lip at the corner of the mouth, the hard lines down the face slashing out from the nose just like in the movies. It was so real it was like a movie, only life size. But all with a dream quality to it.

He missed me by a foot, bounced against the bar, muttered something and lurched out on 41st Street. I kept feeling there must be a camera crew somewhere around, it was so true-to-screen. The eyes, the face, the shoulders, the hat, the cigarette.

And he was wearing a trenchcoat.—*Ralph J. Gleason*

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The New York Times.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

Bogart Debuts in Talkies

[*October 20, 1930*]

Victor McLaglen, after an uncomfortable sojourn in mufti, brought satisfaction to an audience at the Hippodrome yesterday by appearing in the familiar khaki and Sam Brown belt of his earlier success . . .

There are two senoritas who do him no good whatever, even luring him on one occasion into the camp of the bandit chieftain, whom he is employed to suppress. And there is an irritating friend with his trick of getting the last laugh, whether it be at marital or amorous adventure. This last is Humphrey Bogart, who makes his debut in talking pictures and gives an ingratiating performance. Mr. Bogart is both good-looking and intelligent . . .

'HIGH SIERRA' at the Strand Considers the Tragic Plight of the Last Gangster

[*January 25, 1941*]

We would not know for certain whether the twilight of the American gangster is here. But the Warner Brothers, who should know if anybody does, have apparently taken it for granted and, in a solemn Wagnerian mood, are giving that titanic figure a send-off befitting a first string god in the film called "High Sierra," which arrived yesterday at the Strand. Yesterday Siegfried himself never rose to more heroic heights than does Mr. Humphrey Bogart, the last of the great gunmen, when, lodged on a high mountain crag with an army of coppers below, he shouts defiance at his tormentors ere his noble soul take flight. It is truly magnificent, that's all.

As a matter of fact—and aside from the virtues of the film itself—it is rather touching to behold the Warners pay such a glowing tribute, for no one has made a better thing out of the legendary gangster than they have. No one has greater reason to grow nostalgic about the bad boys of yesterday who, as one of the characters in "High Sierra" reverently remarks, are "all either dead or doing time now in Alcatraz." So, indeed, we are deeply moved by this honest payment of respects to an aging and graying veteran of the 1930 banditti who makes his last stand his best. Somehow it seems quite fitting.

Of course, that is exactly the way the Warners and everyone connected intended it should seem. For the story which is told is that of a notorious holdup man—who is sprung out of an Illinois prison by an old gangland pal who wants him in California for a big job. But the gunman has got some ideas about freedom and joy of living. He wants to marry a simple little girl he meets on the road heading West; he wants to do good things because, you see, he really has a good heart.

Well, you know what that means. It is just as old "Doc" Banton tells him (Doc being the quack who tends "Big Mac"). He says, "Remember what Johnny Dillinger said about guys like you and him; he said you are just rushing toward death—that's it, you are rushing toward death." And that's the truth. For the big holdup job gets messed up by a couple of "jitterbugs" who are assisting on it, the girl turns out a great disappointment, the gunman is rendered a fugitive with a moll and a dog who loved him and finally he is brought to bay in the High Sierra. And there he dies gallantly. It is a wonder the American flag was not wrapped about his broken corpse.

As gangster pictures go, this one has everything—speed, excitement, suspense and that enobling suggestion of futility which makes for irony and pity. Mr. Bogart plays the leading role with a perfection of hardboiled vitality, and Ida Lupino, Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis and a newcomer named Joan Leslie handle lesser roles effectively. Especially, is Miss Lupino impressive as the adoring moll. As gangster pictures go—if they do—it is a perfect epilogue. Count on the old guard and Warners: they die but never surrender.

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'Casablanca' with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman at Hollywood

[*November 27, 1942*]

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

Against the electric background of a sleek cafe in a North African port, through which swirls a backwash of connivers, crooks and fleeing European refugees, the Warner Brothers are telling a rich, suave, exciting and moving tale in their new film, "Casablanca," which came to the Hollywood yesterday. They are telling it in the high tradition of their hard-boiled romantic-adventure style. And to make it all the more tempting they have given it a top-notch thriller cast of Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Conrad Veidt and even Claude Rains, and have capped it magnificently with Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid and a Negro "find" named Dooley Wilson.

Yes, indeed, the Warners here have a picture which makes the spine tingle and the heart take a leap. For once more, as in recent Bogart pictures, they have turned the incisive trick of draping a tender love story within the folds of a tight topical theme. They have used Mr. Bogart's personality, so well established in other brilliant films, to inject a cold point of tough resistance to evil forces afoot in Europe today. And they have so combined sentiment, humor and pathos with taut melodrama and bristling intrigue that the result is highly entertaining and even inspiring film.

The story, as would be natural, has its devious convolutions of plot. But mainly it tells of a tough fellow named Rick who runs a Casablanca cafe and of what happens (or what happened last December) when there shows up in his joint one night a girl whom he had previously loved in Paris in company with a fugitive Czech patriot. The Nazis are tailing the young Czech; the Vichy officials offer only brief refuge—and Rick holds the only two sure passports which will guarantee his and the girl's escape. But Rick loves the girl very dearly, she is now married to this other man—and whenever his Negro pianist sits there in the dark and sings "As

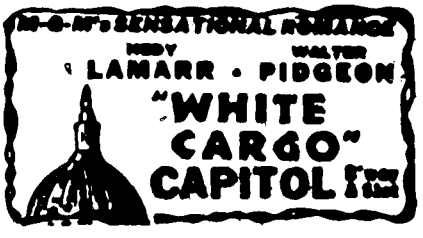
Time Goes By" that old, irresistible feeling consumes him in a choking, maddening wave.

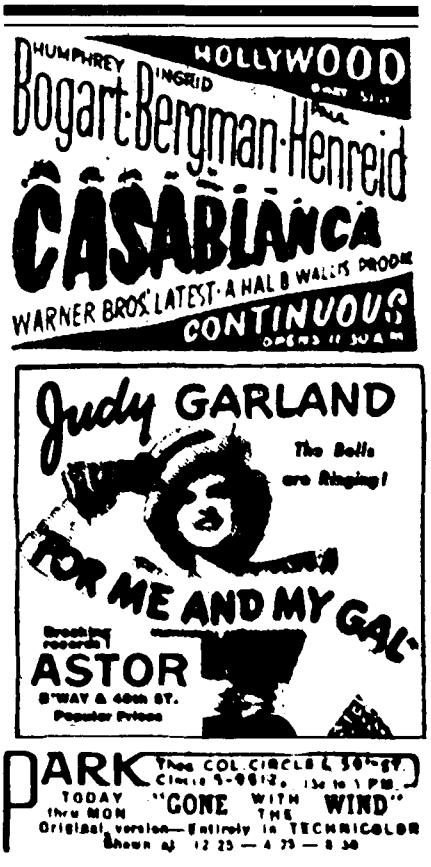
Don't worry; we won't tell you how it all comes out. That would be rankest sabotage. But we will tell you that the urbane detail and the crackling dialogue which has been packed into this film by the scriptwriters, the Epstein brothers and Howard Koch, is of the best. We will tell you that Michael Curtiz has directed for slow suspense and that his camera is always conveying grim tension and uncertainty. Some of the significant incidents, too, are affecting—such as that in which the passionate Czech patriot rouses the customers in Rick's cafe to drown out a chorus of Nazis by singing the Marseillaise, or any moment in which Dooley Wilson is remembering past popular songs in a hushed room.

We will tell you also that the performances of the actors are all of the first order, but especially those of Mr. Bogart and Miss Bergman in the leading roles. Mr. Bogart is, as usual, the cool, cynical, efficient and super-wise guy who operates his business strictly for profit but has a core of sentiment and idealism inside. Conflict becomes his inner character, and he handles it credibly. Miss Bergman is surpassingly lovely, crisp and natural as the girl and lights the romantic passages with a warm and genuine glow.

Mr. Rains is properly slippery and crafty as a minion of Vichy perfidy, and Mr. Veidt plays again a Nazi officer with cold and implacable resolve. Very little is demanded of Mr. Greenstreet as a shrewd black-market trader, but that is good, and Mr. Henreid is forthright and simple as the imperiled Czech patriot. Mr. Wilson's performance as Rick's devoted friend, though rather brief, is filled with a sweetness and compassion which lend a helpful mood to the whole film, and other small roles are played ably by S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinskey and Mr. Lorre.

In short, we will say that "Casablanca" is one of the year's most exciting and trenchant films. It certainly won't make Vichy happy—but that's just another point for it.





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Eight or Ten Killings Plus Bogart

FLORENCE MARLY new Bogart Leading Lady in 'Tokyo Joe'

[*October 29, 1949*]

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

Coming to bat for the second time as an independent producer-actor, Humphrey Bogart has a picture which sputters more than it sizzles in "Tokyo Joe," which opened yesterday at the Capitol. Lively stretches of rough and tumbling adventure in postwar Japan, give the wild, incredible plot a certain measure of excitement, but not enough to compensate for the unbecoming romantic mooning that Mr. Bogart does to the haunting refrain of "These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You."

The melodramatic nip-ups in "Tokyo Joe" might have been easier to swallow had the story been presented as an unabashed fiction. But the Army of Occupation figures quite prominently—and not a little foolishly at times—in the proceedings, thereby introducing a note of reality which is embarrassingly at odds with the major and markedly synthetic elements of the plot.

Without delay, however, it should be mentioned that Mr. Bogart has found a new and exciting leading lady in Florence Marly . . .

The more involved the story gets the less credible it becomes, and the more one's interest wanders from the picture. Mr. Bogart is, of course, full of vinegar when the going is tough, but he is pretty poor company when he is lost with his memories . . . The weakness of "Tokyo Joe" however, is a script which does not neatly come together, but squanders its good points amidst a field of corn.

THE ENFORCER Opens at Capitol

[*January 26, 1951*]

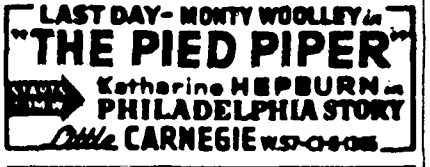
By BOSLEY CROWTHER

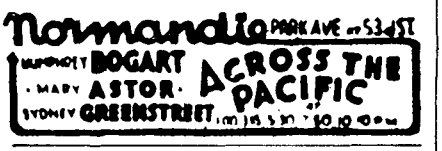
Our old friend, Thomas de Quincy, who once wrote a callous little piece on murder considered as a fine art, was a piker alongside the gents who knocked out the Warners' "The Enforcer," which came to the Capitol yesterday. No less than eight or ten ripe killings are rather graphically played in camera range and possibly some twenty or thirty others are frankly implied in this film. This is not inappropriate. "The Enforcer" has to do with the detection of a murder-for-pay racket, and the business is nothing if not big.

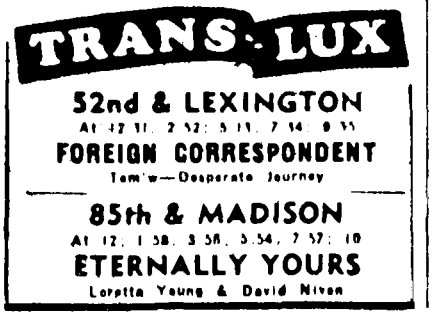
As we say, this is not inappropriate, but murder on such a gaudy scale tends to become monotonous—and a little ridiculous, too. No matter how naturalistic and grisly the boys have made the deeds—and, you can believe us, they have made them naturalistic and grisly to a fare-thee-well—the sheer accumulation of ugly violence and brutality eventually becomes dull. An uncommon amount of light derision was heard at the Capitol yesterday.

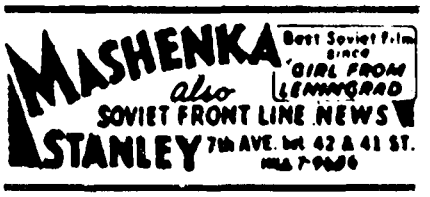
Indeed, at one point, when Humphrey Bogart as the District Attorney who draws the juicy job of putting together a case against the murderers, takes a look at a pile of gruesome clothes, dredged up from the murderer's "graveyard," the house was exploded with cheers. The audience gave signs of disbelieving the sticky evidence placed before its eyes.

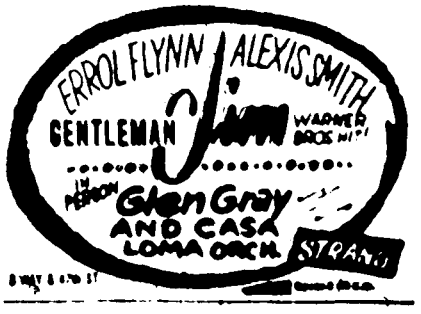
However, we'll say for Mr. Bogart and for those who assist him in this film—or, rather, for those who oppose him—they do not play tiddlywinks. As the hard and relentless researcher who goes back and reconstructs a spate of crimes, done, as it turns out, with ice picks, razors, blunt instruments and guns, Mr. Bogart behaves in the manner of a gentleman accustomed to crime but not a little bewildered by the multiplicity encountered here. So perturbed is he in the situation that you wonder sometimes if he did some crimes himself . . .

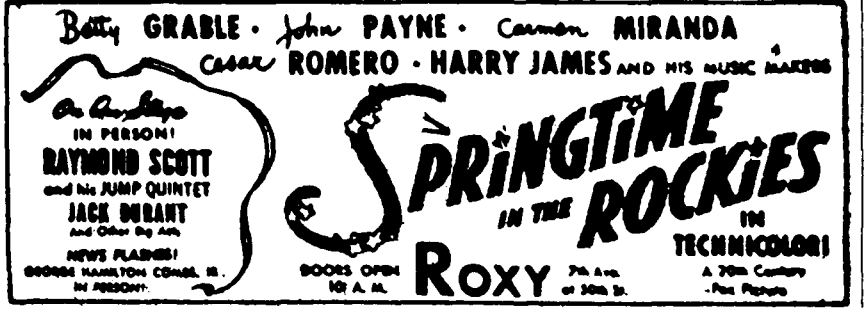












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Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart in Delightful Comedy Romance, 'Sabrina' at Criterion

[*September 23, 1954*]

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

Even though autumn is scheduled to arrive at 9:56 A.M. today and the musical theme for the occasion may be "September Song," the sunshine of summer was pouring into Broadway yesterday and the air was full of the tender and magical strains of "La Vie en Rose." At least, it was in the vicinity of the Criterion Theatre, where Billy Wilder's "Sabrina" was put on public display, with the sweetly bewitching Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in principal roles. And since the cause of that phenomenon is not subject to unexpected change, summer and sunshine are likely to be in our midst for quite some time.

For "Sabrina"—we might as well say it and get it over with, now—is, in our wistful estimations, the most delightful comedy-romance in years. Its like in the way of fabrication upon the manners and morals of the rich with respect to the so-called working classes has not been seen since pre-war days. And its deftly sophisticated plotting of the ways of a man with a maid—and the ways of a maid with a man's heart—has not been surpassed in who knows when.

One might guess this is Miss Hepburn's picture, since she has the title role and has come to it trailing her triumphs from last year's "Roman Holiday." And, indeed, she is wonderful in it—a young lady of extraordinary range of sensitive and moving expressions within such a frail and slender frame. She is even more luminous as the daughter and pet of the servants' hall than she was as a princess last year, and no more than that can be said.

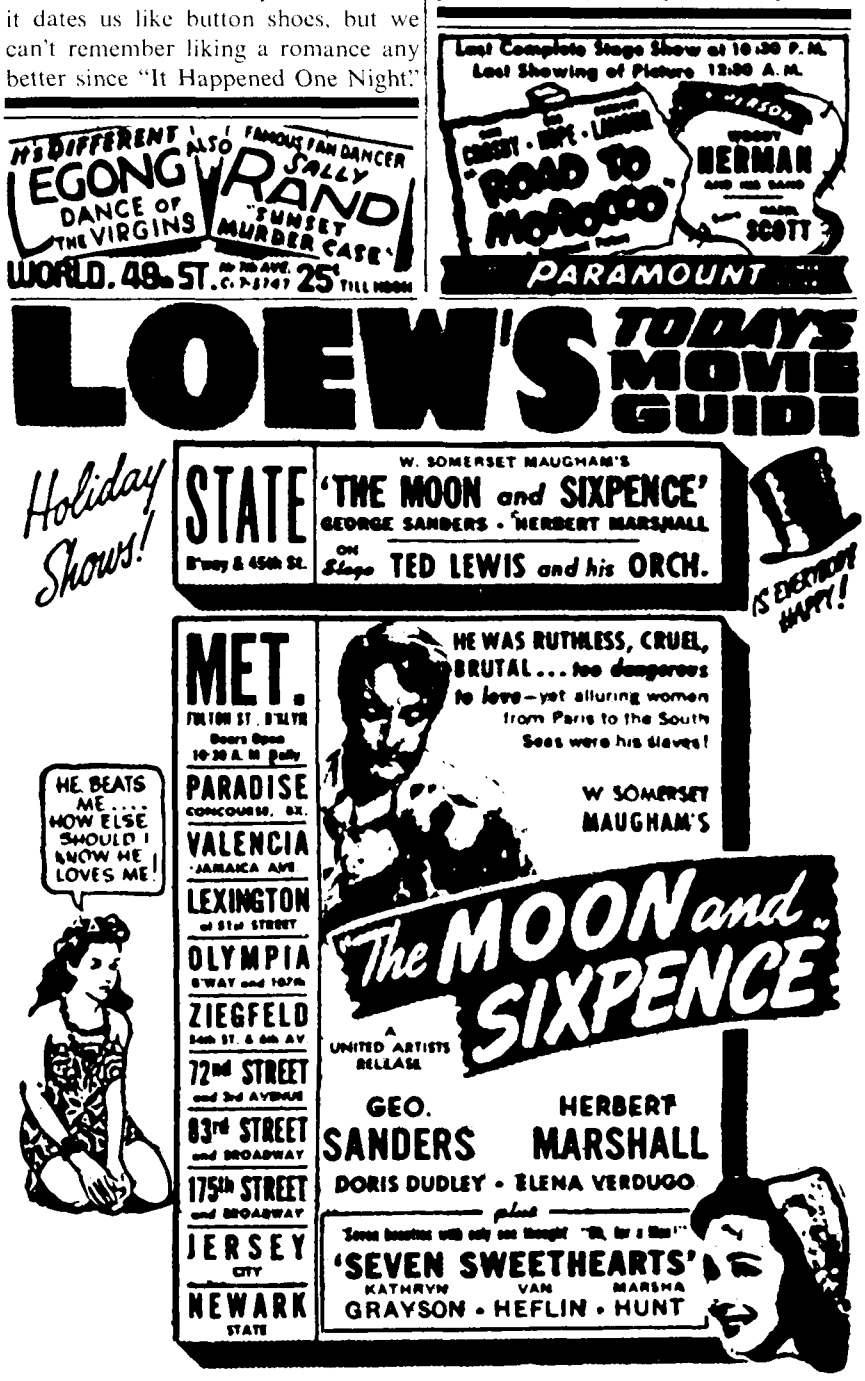
But it is just as much Mr. Bogart's picture, for he is incredibly adroit as the strong-willed aristocrat of business who finally chips when he crashes with true love. And the skill with which this old rock-ribbed actor blends the gags and the arch duplicities with a manly manner of melting is one of the incalculable joys of this show.

. . . We hesitate to say this, because it dates us like button shoes, but we can't remember liking a romance any better since "It Happened One Night."

OPENED LAST NIGHT:

Bogart at Strand!

. . . And now, in "All Through The Night" which opened at the Strand yesterday, the Burbank Brothers (Warner Brothers) are confronting a sinister Nazi spy ring with the most effective opposition that their studio has at hand—their own stock company of tough guys, Broadway sharpies and muggs, led by that ever resourceful facer of situations . . . Mr. Bogart, as the big shot, plays with cool and calculated perfection . . . [*January 24, 1942*]



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'DEADLINE, U.S.A.' Engaging Drama of the City Room, Opens With Bogart at the Strand

[*March 15, 1952*]

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

That old bad boy, Humphrey Bogart, is working our side of the street in Twentieth Century-Fox' and Richard Brooks' "Deadline, U.S.A." In this entangled melodrama, which came to the Roxy yesterday, the old tough is breathing fire and brimstone, as he has often done before, and the virulence of his aggression is bringing compounded trouble on his head. But he is doing so as a fighting champion of a free and invincible press. And, by George, the honesty of the effort rates a newspaperman's applause.

Playing the managing editor of a well-set-up big city sheet that is about to be sold by its owners just to free their capital, Mr. Bogart makes a striking picture of an outraged and unrelenting man who fights on all fronts for his associates and for the perpetuation of an institution in which he believes.

It may be the complications Mr. Brooks has contrived for him are a little too snarled for easy following and unqualified belief. After all, it is asking a good bit of an audience to keep straight in mind three separate lines of development of interrelated plots, let alone allow the likelihood of the coincidence of all of them.

First, there's the matter of our hero finagling to dissuade the owners of the sheet from selling it out, which requires top-level truck with owners and courts. Then there's a little business of his trying to re-woo his ex-wife or, failing that, to discourage her from marrying another man. And finally there is the big job of masterminding a newspaper exposé of a crime syndicate operator who has just buffaloed a Senate probe. Jumping from one to the other keeps Mr. Bogart on the run. It also keeps the audience in a state of vertigo.

. . . Really good newspaper pictures are few and far between. This one, while melodramatic, does all right by the trade.

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ROMMEL'S ROUT!
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Bogey speaks up on 'African Queen'

[*March 2, 1952*]

By HOWARD THOMPSON

It would call for more than the Dark Continent, of course, to subdue Humphrey Bogart. Indeed, judging by the generally acclaimed "The African Queen" at the Capitol quite the reverse appears to have occurred for Mr. Bogart and his colleagues, Katharine Hepburn, Director John Huston and Producer Sam Spiegel. Visiting town last week as official commentator for the project, the actor indicated conclusively that he is no man to sit back and let Africa speak for itself.

. . . Clad in a business suit and natty bow tie, and looking trim and vigorous, Hollywood's synonym for hard-bitten masculinity clearly was none the worse for the journey.

Asked if he would consider repeating the trek, Mr. Bogart thought a minute. "Yes, gladly, if we had the same talent on hand. By that I mean, set-up. The four of us, Katie, myself, Huston and Spiegel, we were a little company, a kind of task force for independent production.

. . . "To begin with," he said succinctly, "the banks balked about putting up the money. All sorts of legal complications, more red tape! Like this—Katie was supposed to guarantee I wouldn't walk out, and I for her, too." Mr. Bogart's expression was pure Bogart. "And everybody in Hollywood said to us, 'Are you really going to Africa?' " The actor's laugh was his own, too.

Could Mr. Bogart account for the industry's emphasis on youth and beauty when the veterans kept flourishing year in and year out? "You mean us old-timers," he said, chuckling. "That's easy. At one particular time the industry relied heavily on stage people—myself, Colbert, Tracy, Dunne and Gable. Well, they woke up suddenly to find a gap which couldn't be filled if any of us happened to pop off, which we didn't do. Anyway, they went ahead and tried to plug it with youth and beauty, and they're still trying. And only one," he declared firmly, "has anything. This guy Marlon Brando. He'll be doing 'Hamlet' when the rest of us are selling potatoes."

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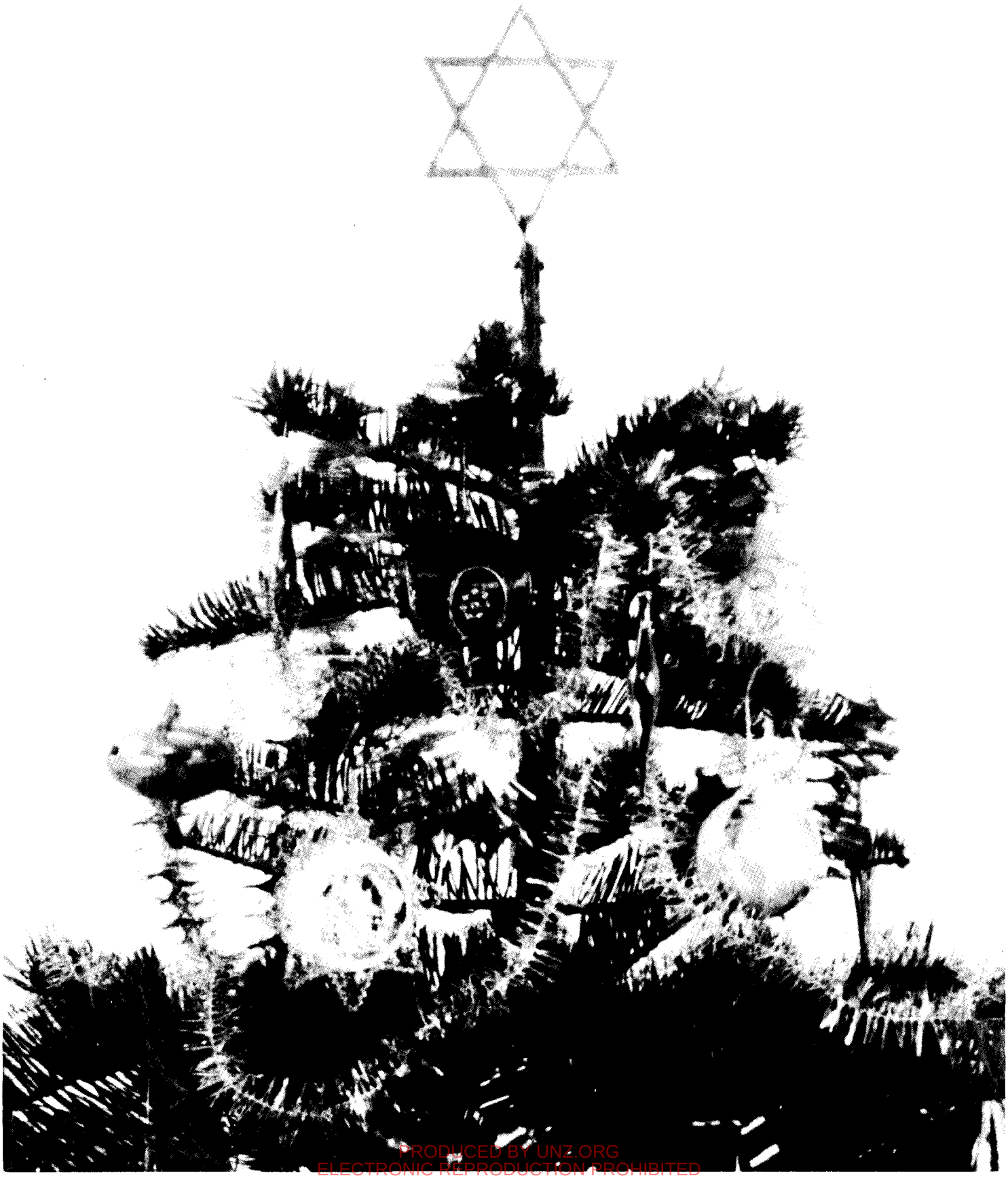

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The Chanukah Hangup

by Earl Shorris

THE ANSWER TO THE "Prayer for the Conversion of the Jews" is Santa Claus. That jolly red myth and his elves, Bing Crosby, and the Macy Thanksgiving Day Parade, are far more effective proselytizers than were the Legions of Rome or the tortures of the Inquisition. On the morning of December 25 the bearded devil seems almost inexorable. To keep himself from being trampled by the golden calf of Christmas the Jew has been forced to dip once again into that much used bag in which he keeps his tricks of survival. The trick he has come up with this time is Chanukah.

What is Chanukah? To a Jewish child it is just like Christmas, except Irving Berlin didn't write a song about Chanukah. For the older children there are some other distinctions, but to a four-year-old boy a red wagon is a red wagon, a turkey leg is delicious and an evergreen tree draped with colored lights is beautiful. What does he care about Christmas or Chanukah? He's not taking a course in comparative religion; he's having a good time. Which is exactly what his parents want him to think and do. Chanukah and Christmas come and go: the problem of explaining the difference between Jews and Christians in a Christian nation is avoided; the assimilation goes on unimpeded and extinction by conversion is staved off again.

The disproportionate celebration of Chanukah, which is both the adoption of a Christian custom and a defense against the inroads of Christianity, is symbolic of the tightrope on which the American Jew must walk. If he falls off to one side he becomes "clannish," moves back into the ghetto; if he falls off to the other side he becomes a Unitarian. It is a problem with which the Jew has little experience. For the most part he has lived in a ghetto or a ghetto nation, where his contact with Gentiles was limited to the marketplace. And as the Gentile was not fond of the Jew, the Jew had little use for the Gentile. Even a generation ago the Jew from Chicago who told the Jew from New York that there were a hundred thousand Jews and four million Gentiles in Chicago was asked, "Four million goyim? Tell me, do you need so many?" The Jew in the process of assimilation does not enjoy that kind of "chosen people" story; if he has been out of the ghetto long enough he may not even get the joke.

By Old World standards the American Jew of the '60s is not even Jewish: he works and rides on the Sabbath, he goes out for lunch on Yom Kippur, he likes ham and eggs for breakfast, and he doesn't know Talmud from tuchus

Photograph by Bill Arbogast

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about being a Jew. The only real connection between him and his forefathers is that they share the same God, and even there the God of Moses is giving way to a nicer, more forgiving God. But as nice as the God of the Jews has become, he remains a problem. It's not an easy thing to be stuck with an entirely nonanthropomorphic God. The Magi can bring gifts to the product of a Virgin Birth, but how can you wrap a concept in swaddling clothes? When a Jewish child asks his father about God, the father inevitably winds up trying to define the universe. That was hard enough for Einstein, but as a dialogue between a retailer and his five-year-old daughter it's hopeless. On the other hand, when the child asks him why Jews don't celebrate Christmas, he has a better answer: "Because we have Chanukah."

Chanukah or Hanukkah is a Jewish holiday (not a holy day) of very little importance. So far, it has not even merited an agreement on a proper English name. It is either the "Festival of Lights," the "Feast of Dedication" or the "Feast of the Maccabees." Whatever its name, it lasts eight days and celebrates the defeat of the forces of Antiochus Epiphanes and the purification and rededication of the Temple by a band of guerrillas under the leadership of Judah* Maccabee or Maccabeus (from Makbi, the hammer) in 165 B.C. It's a pretty good story. If there had been a love interest for Judah, DeMille might have made another epic.

The Maccabees are actually heroes on two counts: they not only defeated the Greek (Antiochus was a Syrian king of the Seleucid dynasty) Army, they chased Hellenism out of the Temple. From the time of Alexander's conquests until Antiochus ascended to the throne of Syria and named himself Epiphanes (the manifest God) in 175 B.C., Hellenism had been making inroads into Israel. The country was divided between the Hasidim (Pious or Puritans) and the Letzim (Hellenists). It is not hard to understand why so many Jews turned to Hellenism: it was more fun. Judaism, with its stress on moral law and its striving for holiness through obedience, was hardly a match for a philosophy that encouraged complete self-expression. Judaism was on the way out when Antiochus IV decided to finish it off. His first move was to maneuver a Hellenist into the position of high priest. The Jews submitted to this until they heard that Antiochus had been killed in Egypt. Then they revolted, killed the Hellenist priests and took over the Temple again. But the report of Antiochus' death turned out to be only a rumor. He came back with a vengeance, sending 22,000 soldiers into Israel to enforce an edict banning the practice of all Jewish customs and forcing the Jews to perform Hellenistic rites.

The Syrian Army looted the Temple, burned whole villages, and sold women and children into slavery. The Jews mourned the martyred while the numbers of the martyred increased. In the face of persecution, however, those who had accepted Hellenism returned to the Law of Moses. The first Jew to resist was an old Hasid called Mattathias, who lived in the town of Modin, north of Jerusalem. He saw a Greek soldier forcing a Jew to sacrifice a pig to Zeus. It was more than the old man could bear. He killed both the Greek and the Jew.

REVOLT HAD BEGUN. Mattathias, his five sons and a group of Hasidim fled into the mountains, where they established a small guerrilla army. Though there was not a single trained soldier among them, they were able to conduct successful night raids on the Syrian encampments. Mattathias led them until, on his deathbed, he appointed his son, Judah, to take his place. Under Judah the army grew. The destructiveness of the raids increased. The Jews began to call him Judah the Hammer.

The band of guerrillas would probably not have been allowed to grow into an army of thousands had Antiochus not been occupied with a war in the East, because as soon as he was able to turn his attention back to Israel, he sent an army of 50,000 foot soldiers and horsemen to put down the insurrection.

Judah was a shrewd general. He waited for the Syrians, knowing they had to march through the pass of Emmaus to reach his mountain camp. He ambushed the Syrians at the pass and defeated them. A second, formal battle was fought at Mizpah. There the Syrians were so sure they would defeat the outnumbered Jews that they brought slave merchants and slave chains with them. This time the victory of the Maccabees was decisive. Judah the Hammer was able to lead his troops into Jerusalem. On the 25th day of Kislev the Temple was rededicated. But the Maccabees had another problem. There was only enough oil to keep the holy lights burning for a single day, and it would take eight days to prepare more oil. They went ahead with the rededication, and miraculously, the small cask of oil burned for eight days. Judah decreed that the Jews should celebrate the miracle and the rededication each year by burning lights, adding a new light each day for eight days. That eight-day period is called Chanukah.

In case you wonder what happened to the Maccabees after the rededication in 165 B.C., all of them were killed in later battles with the Syrians but Simon, who became High Priest of Israel following the withdrawal of the Syrians in 142 B.C.

* The name Judah is also translated as Judas. Although the Pope has now set the statute of limitations at 99 generations, I feel a certain reluctance to explain the Jewish celebration of the deeds of a man called Judas.

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THE RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE of Chanukah is negligible; if the Jewish holidays were to be listed in order of importance, Chanukah would be very near the end of the list. The Chanukah ceremony, the lighting of the candles, is performed at home each night at sundown. It is usually done by a boy who sings the blessings in faltering Hebrew. The boy wears an embroidered blue and white yamelke. His voice is changing. His father is bald and wears a tan, snap-brim fedora. In the kitchen the mother is preparing dinner. Up and down the street the Christmas tree lights are being turned on. The boy sings only two short blessings, neglecting the long passages which close the service, "The Grecians were gathered against me in the days of the Hasmoneans; they broke down the walls of my towers, and defiled all the oils; but from one of the last remaining flasks a miracle was wrought for thy beloved, and their men of understanding appointed these eight days for song and praises.

"Uncover thy holy arm, and bring near the day of Salvation; do so we pray thee, for thy name's sake, that we may be saved, for slow is our deliverance in coming, and there is no end to the days of evil; thrust the shedder of blood into the shadow of darkness and raise over us seven shepherds." The candles are lit. The father and the children make gentlemen's bets on which will last the longest. Chanukah is celebrated. There would be nothing more to it if the rededication of the Temple had not come in the month of Kislev, which corresponds to December. There never was anything more until the Jews began to be assimilated into a Christian society.

"But how can you deprive the Children? Chanukah is for the children," is one explanation, meaning that Christian children get presents; why should the Jewish children do without? Chanukah grew in importance by generations: the grandparents said, "For Christmas you'll get a hole from a bagel; for Chanukah you'll get Chanukah gelt," which meant a nickel or a dime on each night.

The parents gave presents, but always during Chanukah and never wrapped in Christmas gift paper. The children set up a Chanukah Bush for their children and open the presents on Christmas morning. In some houses the Chanukah Bush is an evergreen tree hung with bagels, in others it is a Christmas tree complete with chalky angels and a glowing, five-pointed star. Perhaps in some houses there is a nativity scene beneath the Chanukah Bush.

In some cities — El Paso, Texas, is one — there is a Chanukah outdoor decoration contest among the members of the Jewish community, and during Chanukah the rabbis ride from house to house observing strings of shiny letters that read HAPPY CHANUKAH and giant, electrified Menorahs. I do not know whether the Orthodox Rabbi and the Reformed Rabbi ride on the same night. They do, however, judge only their own flock. What would a Reformed Rabbi know about Orthodox Chanukah decorations? The newspapers there have not yet taken to printing pictures of the prettiest Chanukah decorations, but that time does not seem too far distant.

If you ask a Jew whose house is decorated with multicolored Chanukah lights why he has done this, he will tell you, "It's to show that I'm proud to be a Jew." But if he's so proud to be a Jew, why does he go to so much trouble to act like a Christian? Why doesn't he turn off the Chanukah Bush and buy his children a dreidel, the four-sided metal top which was brought to America by the Jews of Eastern Europe and is the only true tradition of Chanukah other than the lighting of the candles? He can't. If he turns off the Chanukah Bush, he will find Santa Claus lurking in the darkness, ready to snatch away his children.

Judaism and Hellenism were irreconcilable; in the time of the Maccabees the choice was clear. But is there a Judeo-Christian tradition? And is the disproportionate celebration of Chanukah and all that it symbolizes only a sign of Jewish acceptance of the idea of such a tradition? While Jewish theologians debate the existence of a Judeo-Christian tradition, the Jewish traditions die out; the sons of the old men who put on their tfillin every morning and said mincha own sing-along Christmas records.

THE JEW HAS ALWAYS RETURNED to the God of Abraham when he was in trouble, as when the persecutions by Antiochus united the Jews in the time of the Maccabees. Today, the Christian and the Jew are aware of a common danger from the East. Perhaps that's why they are both more willing to unite under a banner of Judeo-Christian tradition. After all, how different are they really? In December both Christians and Jews exchange gifts and decorate their houses. In December the Jews talk of thrusting the shedder of blood into the shadows of darkness while seven shepherds are raised over them, and the Christians talk of peace on earth, goodwill toward men. For the Christians it is just that — talk. Whether the Jews take the idea any more seriously is hard to tell, since the Jews do not have enough power to demonstrate their corruption. If we can assume a common deceitfulness, only one thing keeps the Jew and the Christian from complete union under the banner of the golden calf each December: the Jew, for the life of him (at times) cannot understand why the Christians persist in calling that Hasid from Nazareth the Son of God.

Earl Shorris' new novel Ofay *will be published next February by Delacorte Press.*

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The Case of the Spies Who Weren't

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For three hours last evening I sat at my desk taking notes. Nero Wolfe, my employer, in his oversized chair at his desk, and Rex Stout, my literary agent, in the red leather chair, who had been a dinner guest, were talking about a book that had just been published by Doubleday—Invitation To An Inquest, *by Walter and Miriam Schneir. Around midnight Wolfe asked how many pages of my notebook were filled and I told him 27.*

He frowned at me. "Much too much. It must be less than 3000 words or Mr. Keating will not publish it. Contract it. Cramp it."

*I frowned back. "*You *cramp it. Or Stout. Let him earn his ten per cent. Dictate it."*

They both said no. Nothing doing. I fought them for five minutes and lost. So this cramping job on their verdict on that book is mine — ARCHIE GOODWIN

EARLY IN THE EVENING of June 19, 1953, a few minutes before they were escorted from their cells at Sing Sing to the electric chair, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg wrote to their two young sons: "Always remember that we were innocent and could not wrong our conscience." And Ethel wrote to their lawyer: "I die with honor and with dignity, knowing my husband and I must be vindicated by history."

This book, by Walter and Miriam Schneir, who spent five years on it, is a worthy contribution to the history which Julius and Ethel Rosenberg counted on as they went to their deaths. The Schneirs have done well — indefatigable in research, persistent in investigation, shrewd and meticulous in analysis, and judicious in opinion and conclusion. They write so well that all the many pages, crammed with a thousand details, are extremely readable.

To form an independent opinion on the case and the trial, you, or you, would have to read the book. All I can do is report some of Wolfe's and Stout's conclusions, based not on any speculation or polemics by the authors, but on the corroborated and documented record submitted by them.

JULIUS AND ETHEL ROSENBERG

THEY WERE CONVICTED of a crime, not only of which they were innocent, but which had never been committed. The testimony against them came solely from *soi-disant* accomplices — Harry Gold, David and Ruth Greenglass, and Elizabeth Bentley — and all of them lied. The charge was conspiracy to commit espionage in time of war, and the only evidence either of espionage or of a conspiracy came from the mouths of perjurers. On June 2, 1953, Attorney General Brownell sent an emissary named Bennett to Sing Sing to repeat an offer that had been made several times previously: if the Rosenbergs would confess and cooperate they would be permitted to live. They declined the offer, saying, "How can we cooperate if we have nothing to confess?"

HARRY GOLD

TO BELIEVE THAT SUCH a man existed it is necessary to hear or see his own words. In a trial of one Benjamin Smilg for perjury in Dayton, Ohio, in June 1955, this exchange occurred between William F. Hopkins, defense counsel, and Harry Gold in the witness chair:

HOPKINS: *Never met him?*

GOLD: *Never met him.*

HOPKINS: *Before that grand jury you faced those ladies and gentlemen, under oath, the same as you are facing these folks, and you concocted imaginary telephone conversations, even giving it word for word of what he said to you and what you said to him; is that true?*

GOLD: *That is true.*

HOPKINS: *And you didn't even know the man?*

GOLD: *I didn't know the man.*

HOPKINS: *Never had a telephone call?*

GOLD: *Never had a telephone call.*

HOPKINS: *And you were under oath?*

GOLD: *And I was under oath, yes, sir.*

Another exchange:

HOPKINS: *Did you make this statement: "It is a wonder that steam didn't come out of my ears at times?"*

GOLD: *That really is . . . it really is remarkable that it didn't occur.*

HOPKINS: *Because of the lies you told?*

GOLD: *I had gotten involved into one of the doggonedest tangles . . .*

HOPKINS: *. . . You lied for a period of six years?*

GOLD: *I lied for a period of sixteen years, not alone six.*

Questioned by Hopkins about his imaginary family, Gold replied: "First I created this wife whom I did not

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have. Then there had to be children to go along with the wife, and they had to grow old, so I had to keep building one on top of the other . . ."

That was two years after the Rosenbergs had been executed. In 1950 Gold had himself been indicted for conspiracy to commit wartime espionage as an accomplice of Klaus Fuchs. His court-appointed counsel had been John D. M. Hamilton, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and at a court hearing in December 1950, preparatory to the sentencing of Gold, who had been tried and convicted, Hamilton mentioned to the presiding judge that his interviews with his client had been recorded. More than a decade later the Schneirs got permission from Gold, then in Lewisburg penitentiary, to examine all material about him in his former counsel's possession. It consisted of 14 hours of recordings on disks, long handwritten statements by Gold, and hundreds of pages of correspondence. Comparison of that material with Gold's testimony at the Rosenberg trial in March 1951, revealed hundreds of discrepancies and contradictions. It is not credible that the FBI did not know that Gold was an inveterate and accomplished liar.

In one of his pretrial statements to the FBI Gold wrote, "The manner in which all of the pieces of the giant jigsaw puzzle, of which I was a part, are falling ever so gloriously into place — to reveal the whole picture — has added a tremendous zest and sense of achievement to my life."

His achievement was helping to send Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to the electric chair by false testimony as one of the two key witnesses.

DAVID AND RUTH GREENGLASS

DAVID GREENGLASS, brother of Ethel Rosenberg, was the other key witness. The testimony of Ruth, his wife, merely corroborated his. As the Schneirs show, Ruth alone supported his assertion that he had given atomic bomb data to Julius Rosenberg. And David alone, no corroboration, described a Rosenberg spy ring which had gathered material on a space platform and atomic airplane; he alone claimed that Rosenberg had stolen a proximity fuse. Thus, not only the guilt of the Rosenbergs, but also the very reality of the crimes for which they were tried, depends largely on the memory and veracity of David Greenglass.

His veracity. It is on record that Ruth herself, before she had been coached for the trial by the FBI, told David's attorneys that she had known David since his tenth year and "he would say things were so even if they were not." (All quotations used by the Schneirs are authenticated in 29 pages of references to sources at the back of the book. The foregoing one was taken from an inter office memo which was entered as an exhibit to the Section 2255 petition of June 1953.) In a letter to his attorneys about his first signed statement to the FBI, David wrote, "I didn't remember this but I allowed it in the statement," and also, "the information I gave Gold may be not at all what I said in the statement."

One of the many instances David gave of his contacts with Soviet spies was his account of his meeting in 1948 with "one of Rosenberg's agents who was working [for Russia] on the Aswan Dam project in Egypt, and he was then preparing to fly back to Egypt." There was no Aswan Dam project in 1948.

Among the hundreds of people interviewed by the Schneirs was Benjamin Pollack, a lawyer on the staff of the Department of Justice, who had talked with David Greenglass at length while preparing a report on the Rosenberg case for Attorney General Brownell. Surprisingly candid with the Schneirs, Pollack told them that David was "a man with no conscience at all" and that, "If I were a judge I wouldn't take his testimony too seriously."

But for an informed opinion of David's veracity on the witness stand it is necessary to read the book with its documented recital of his scores of contradictions. As for David the man, for what moved him to supply the false testimony that sent his sister to her death, even the book doesn't help. The late Robert Ruark wrote in his newspaper column in January 1961, "There is no excuse for a David Greenglass, no explanation."

ELIZABETH BENTLEY

SHE WAS USED AT THE TRIAL by Irving H. Saypol, the prosecuting attorney, mainly in his attempt to connect Julius Rosenberg with the Communist Party. She had never met either of the Rosenbergs; her one relevant contribution was her statement that when she was spying for Russia she had received

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phone calls from a man who said he was "Julius." Her status as an incorrigible liar was completely established in a lengthy brief supplied in 1955 by William Henry Taylor to the International Organizations Employees Loyalty Board. Taylor was cleared by the loyalty board and permitted to continue in his job.

IRVING H. SAYPOL

AS THE UNITED STATES attorney prosecuting the case, he fought not for justice, but for blood. The United States Court of Appeals stated that his tactic of timing an indictment against one William Perl, and issuing a statement to the press about it, "cannot be too severely condemned . . . if defendants (the Rosenbergs) had moved for a new trial, it should have been granted."

Saypol, in court, called Ann Sodorovich a "woman espionage courier" and a "Soviet agent." She was never so charged and the FBI gave up on her, having gotten no evidence, after two years of harassment. Also in court, Saypol named friends and former classmates of Julius Rosenberg as connected with the alleged espionage conspiracy — Joel Barr, William Perl, Vivian Glassman, Alfred Sarant — but not one of them was ever indicted, charged as a co-conspirator, or even called as a witness.

Regarding prosecution Exhibit Six, the "atom-bomb sketch," Saypol stated in court that he and his staff had been in "constant consultation" with "representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission," including, presumably, Dr. James Beckerley, Director of the Atomic Energy Commission Classification Office. In 1954, in a speech to a meeting of industrialists in New York, Beckerley said, "it is time to stop kidding ourselves about 'atomic secrets' . . . the atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb were not stolen from us by spies . . . atom bombs and hydrogen bombs are not matters that can be stolen and transmitted in the form of information." Eminent nuclear scientists had said the same thing. An article in Scientific American said, "The relative unimportance of Greenglass' disclosure was confirmed after the trial by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy in a report on Soviet atomic espionage."

But in his summation to the jury Saypol stated: "We know that these conspirators stole the most important scientific secrets ever known to mankind from this country and delivered them to the Soviet Union." He had made the same statement several times during the trial in various forms. Manifestly, it was a lie, and he knew it, since he had been in constant consultation with representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission.

IRVING R. KAUFMAN

AS THE PRESIDING JUDGE, in sentencing the Rosenbergs to die, he said to them, "I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb years before our best scientists predicted Russia would perfect the bomb, has already caused the Communist aggression in Korea with the resulting casualties." Surely he knew that he too was lying. But he too was out for blood. No American had ever been put to death for espionage by judgment of a civil court, but that was what Kaufman decreed for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and during the two years before their executions he was adamant to all motions and pleas for commutation — from thousands of Americans and millions in a dozen foreign countries.

He has been promoted. He now dispenses justice as a member of the United States Court of Appeals.

THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

IN THIS EXTRAORDINARY pageant of mendacity and perversion, the palm must be awarded to the FBI. So many instances of their ingenuity and versatility are documented in the book that exposition here would take too much space. I must restrict this to a few of Wolfe's and Stout's conclusions and refer you to the book for their support. Items:

The FBI practically invented Harry Gold. In the period between the arrest of Gold and the Rosenberg trial, FBI agents conferred with Gold for a total of nearly 1000 hours. Much of Gold's testimony at the trial, and all of it pertaining to the Rosenbergs and David Greenglass, was untrue and was manufactured by the FBI. The jello-box

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top was a fake. Prosecution Exhibit 16, the Hotel Hilton June 3 registration card of Harry Gold, was forged by the FBI. If you find that hard to believe, read the book.

FBI agents arranged to have Morton Sobell kidnapped in Mexico City, and taken to the border and across it, and they lied when they said he had been deported.

Having learned that David Greenglass had stolen a piece of uranium at Los Alamos, where he had worked as a "plain, ordinary mechanic," the FBI coerced him into giving false testimony against his sister and her husband. Probably it didn't take much coercion; as Robert Ruark said, there is no explanation for a David Greenglass.

An FBI agent sneaked Schneider, the photographer, into the courtroom the day before he was to testify, in violation of the order of Judge Kaufman, so he could see the Rosenbergs in advance and identify them from the witness stand. FBI agents told William Perl that they had evidence that Joel Barr and Alfred Sarant were members of the Communist Party, but they had no such evidence and never got any. There had never been any contact or connection between Harry Gold and David Greenglass before the FBI cooked one up.

Many other items could be cited if there were space for them.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

THE DIRECTOR OF THE FBI IS, of course, implicated in all the above references to his Bureau, but he merits a few additional comments:

Before, during, and after the trial Hoover issued many press releases, some of them accusing various persons of complicity who were never charged. The obvious purpose was to inflame the public mind, and he succeeded.

On November 7, 1945, Elizabeth Bentley was questioned by FBI agents for the first time. The next day Hoover rushed a letter to the White House, marked "Top Secret," which stated that he had no doubt that the 14 persons Miss Bentley had named were "actually the source from which information passing through a Soviet espionage system was being obtained." That, before any of the persons named had been investigated. Though this item has no direct relevance to the Rosenberg case, it is worth including as an indication of Hoover's competence as the head of a bureau of investigation. Actually, after a year's deliberation by a Federal Grand Jury, not one of the more than 80 persons named by Elizabeth Bentley was ever indicted. But late in 1953, a few months after the Rosenbergs were executed, Hoover declared to the Senate Internal Security subcommittee: "All information furnished by Miss Bentley, which was susceptible to check, has proven to be correct. She has been subjected to the most searching of cross-examinations; her testimony has been evaluated by juries and reviewed by the courts and has been found to be accurate."

Even Harry Gold never told a bigger lie than that.

Nearly eight years later, in the June 1961 issue of the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, Hoover wrote: "Who, in all good conscience, can say that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the spies who delivered the secret of the atomic bomb into the hands of the Soviets, should have been spared when their treachery caused the shadow of annihilation to fall upon all of the world's peoples?"

Good conscience?

EMANUEL BLOCH

AS COUNSEL FOR THE ROSENBERGS, handling the defense, Bloch did his best, but it wasn't enough. His most egregious blunder was his failure to cross-examine Harry Gold. There were other errors, notably his waiving the right to examine the *original* Hotel Hilton registration card (locked in the FBI files and not presented in court) and to question a hotel employee or other witness about the card's authenticity and the circumstances of its preparation and discovery.

But probably it wouldn't have changed the outcome. In the era of McCarthyism not only Judge Kaufman and Counselor Saypol and the jury, but also a large majority of the American people, were out for blood. Ethel Rosenberg was aware of that when she wrote to Bloch shortly before she was taken to the death chamber, "I die with honor and with dignity, knowing my husband and I must be vindicated by history."

This book is a good and true start at the job.

Rex Stout's latest book is The Doorbell Rang, *published by Viking Press.*

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[OPEN]

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Life
The best things in life are free.
Published by Time-Life Books, Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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On Justice

Some klansmen were
caught one dark night;

By mistake they strung up
a white.

The Judge, he was stern,

& said "When will you learn

To remember to bring
a flashlight?"

24 pt. Bembo

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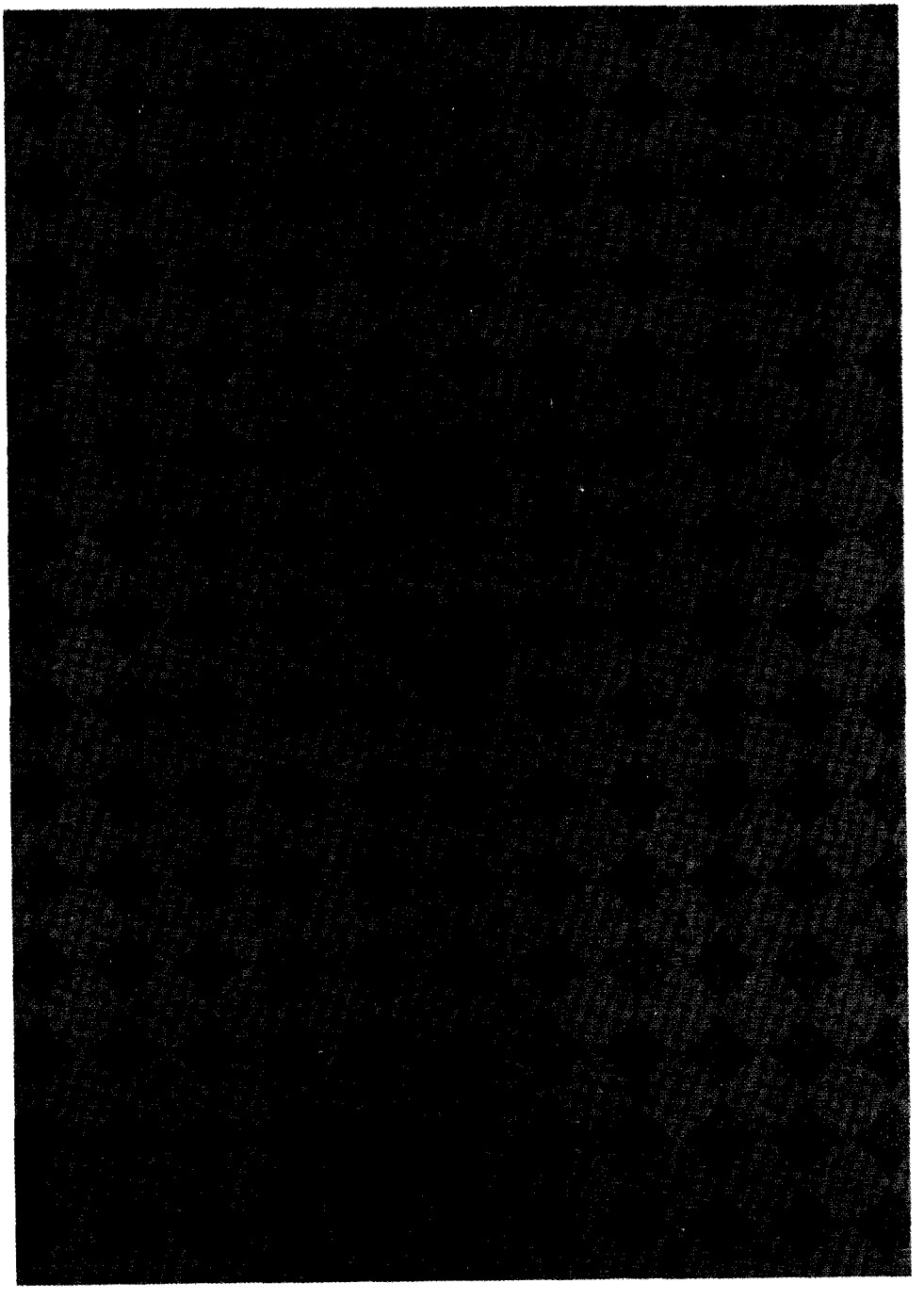

{Excerpts}

by Dugald Stermer

*An object lesson in what naturally follows when a man receives a small printing press and some assorted type faces as a Christmas gift from his wife.

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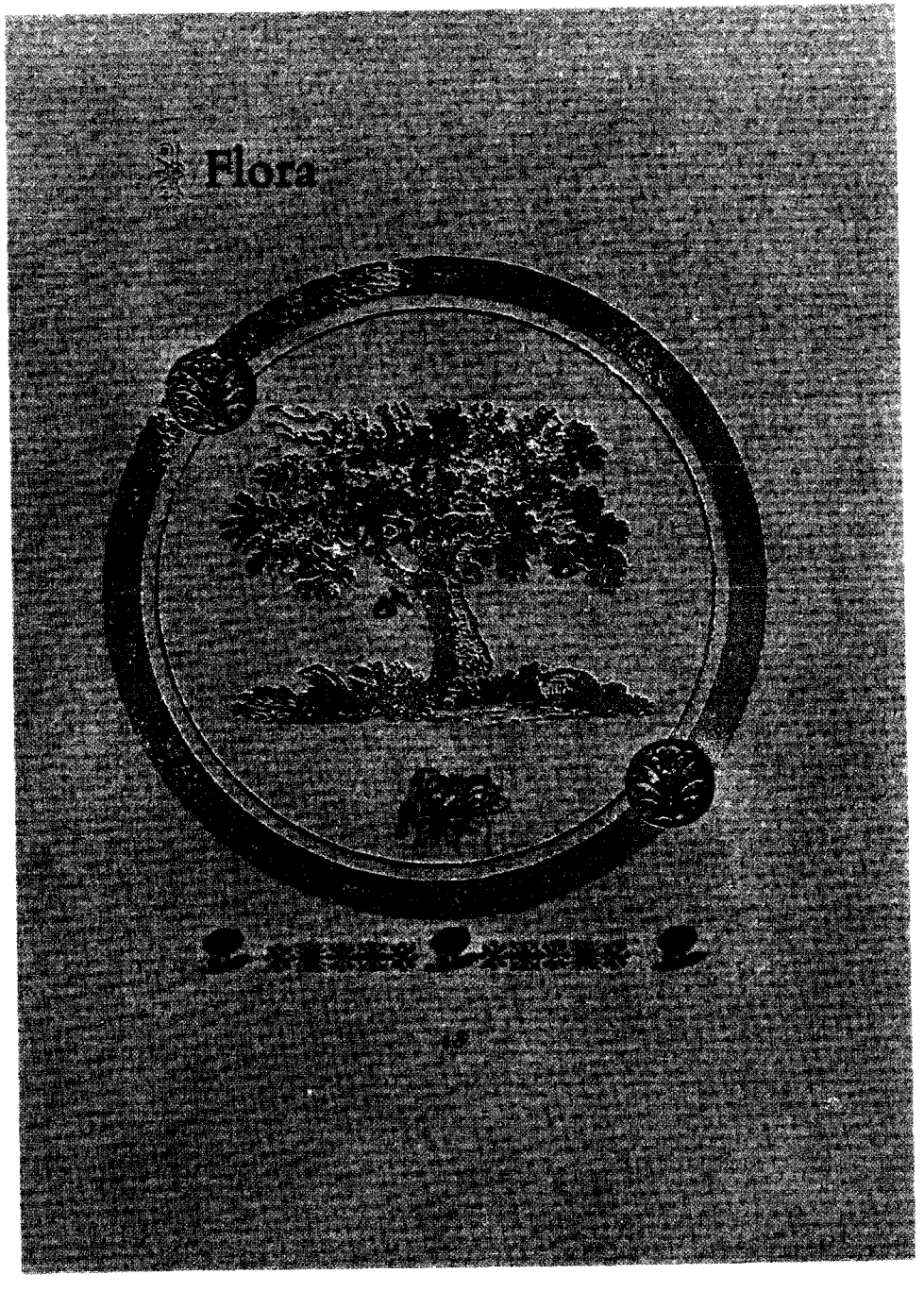

18 pt. Perpetua Titling

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Colophon

This book is respectfully dedicated to my mother, without whom I would not have been possible,

and to Blue, who is a swinger.

NOTES: *It is credits time again, children. This book was printed, for no good reason, on a 500 B.C. hand-operated medieval torture rack. Again we are without the benefit of any copyright, so steal it the word. The paper was donated, for a change, by the Benson, Butler, and Champlin Paper Corporation. If any typos are detected send them to the following address, and your name will be entered for a free drawing. Ha!*

Typeset in 10pt Baskerville, 11pt Bodoni, 14pt Garamond and 48pt Goudy.

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The Old Mooshaker

A little old shaker of moos
Was destroyed by a
baving for crooze;
For you'll meldom seet
Any feople whose peet
Are both left,
and size tenty-twoos.

On Artists & Money

I went to the city today,
to put the $125 I got
for the *Book of Nonsense* into the funds. It is doubtless a very unusual thing for an artist to put by money, for the whole way from the Temple Bar to the Bank was simply *crowded* with carriages & people, so immense a sensation did this occurrence make. And all the way back it was the same, which was very gratifying.

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On A Wing & A Prayer

A conservative pilot
tried flight
In a plane that was truly
a sight.
It had only one wing,
So he crashed the darn thing.
In his heart he still knows
he was right.

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Scattered Shadows

from the Autobiography of John Howard Griffin

In the summer of 1946 I returned to France to spend the remaining months of my sighted life. There, in the magnificent surroundings of the Palace of Fontainebleau, nourished by music, the act of seeing became its own drama—private, intimate and personal. And it became very nearly sublime.

I TOLD NO ONE. I felt that losing my sight was a thing I had to do alone. I led two lives — one as a conservatory student; the other as a man looking avidly on things with the peculiar light of knowing he sees them for the last time.

My attempts to hide my condition were not always successful. Toward the end of summer, the celebrated baritone, Pierre Bernac, came to Fontainebleau to give a recital with Gaby Casadesus. The Casadesus family were old and dear friends of mine. Gaby, Bernac and I were alone in the empty concert room of the palace early in the afternoon when they prepared to rehearse. Seeing my reluctance to leave them, Gaby asked Bernac if he minded my staying.

"Of course not," he said. "He can turn the pages for you."

Standing behind Gaby, I saw the music as a white page with blurred grey notes. She played the accompaniment and Bernac sang to rows of empty seats.

The first page ended with a descending scale, which I saw as a streak. I managed to turn it correctly, but on the second page I could make out nothing and I knew I should never be able to bluff my way through.

I kept my gaze fixed on Gaby's head, thinking she might nod at the point where the page should be turned. They halted in mid-phrase. Bernac sighed with disgust — the disgust of a master musician who wondered how another musician could fail to follow such a simple score.

I apologized, muttering, "The light is so poor in here."

They passed it off gently. Perhaps a glance was exchanged. I knew Gaby had long suspected. I wondered in view of the abrupt change in Bernac's manner, if he did not suspect also. He offered me a chair on the empty stage and the two continued without my help.

I had no doubt Bernac had guessed the truth when he began to sing a berceuse, of Gounod, I think; for he turned directly to me. At the point where the mother tells the child to close its eyes, Bernac leaned over me and sang *ferme tes yeux* in a whisper, pleadingly, tenderly, infusing the words with direct meaning. The texture of my flesh changed and I lowered my head, unable to bear the evocation he created.

His voice moved away from me as he continued. Strange understanding was born in the empty hall, unspoken but sung on music and words from the past that communi-

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cated all their subtlety to the moment at hand. And yet no mention was made of it afterward.

WHEN THEY HAD FINISHED rehearsing, I left them and walked across the street to the Hotel d'Albe. Climbing the narrow wooden steps to the third floor, I asked myself why I had not simply told them. But the answer was clear. I feared myself. I was not able to cope with the temptation to play the tragic figure. My silence was the only guarantee against falling into that trap.

I opened the door to my room. Lighted by one dormer window and sparsely furnished with a bed, writing table and washstand, it gave out its welcome hints of poverty and warmth.

My desk and bed were stacked with scores of Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Stravinsky and Hindemith, and with 20-franc volumes of paperback classics. During these weeks, with the aid of a large magnifying glass, I buried myself in the works of Heraclitus, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. They refreshed the dim certainties within, assuring me that I had a will that was free, and therefore a right to see that tragedy lay not in a given condition, but merely in man's concepts of that condition. My fiercest struggles, I knew, would not be against blindness, but against the pressures of men's opinions about blindness. I hated in advance the assaults of public opinion that would surround me and judge my condition tragic.

I knew that there were truths in this that I had not found, and that I must find them or risk being sucked into the vortex of society's castrating pity. These truths were not in the platitudes:

You must not be bitter.

You must take this thing like a man.

They meant nothing. They were mere etiquette unless founded on a deeper source. My fear of blindness lay not in the handicap, I realized, but in the risk of its forcing me to adopt a role — the "brave blind man" role — that might perhaps edify others even while it corroded me with its falsity.

Alone and unguided I sought attitudes that would legitimately lead me to the kind of acceptance I knew I must have. I asked myself: "If this had not happened to you, another soldier would have been there that night. Would you prefer this happened to you or to another?"

Then I could say, with no mental reservations: "Thank God it happened to me and not to another." That way there was peace. It was a beginning.

I read and analyzed music with my magnifying glass. The jubilant mystery of Mozart — that second innocence or "second naïveté" as Einstein called it, preoccupied me. I sought to analyze from the black notes on white paper, to catch this supreme secret, for it contained the answer to the way I wanted to go . . . not musically but psychologically or spiritually. And when the headaches started I paced the floor and smoked cigarettes and raged with some focusless love. I could make no sense of any of it.

My window gave a view into the flower-filled courtyard below. I looked down on the heads and shoulders of conservatory students who sat on benches doing their lessons in harmony and counterpoint. And I marveled at the sight of hair and flesh and the evidence of intelligence as they worked. A floor below and to my left I saw Bernac and Robert Casadesus look out the window of Bernac's room. All of it registered. All of it was new. Sunlight glistened from Casadesus' balding crown. Lichen grew up the stone wall and touched Bernac's unheeding fingers on the windowsill. It was enough. I saw these things as few others would be privileged to see them — with a sense of astonishment. I stored them, engraved them, not in my mind but in some deeper place of the passions.

I became aware of the guilt of jaded eyes. I had hated not the unbeautiful, as is right, but the unattractive. Now I was given a few months in which to make up for the times when I had walked along streets and had not deigned to look, when I had turned away from good hearts because they were hid behind unattractive physical features.

Faced with nothing, very little became everything. The sight of a pin, a hair, a leaf, a glass of water — these filled me with trembling excitement. The plants in the courtyard, the cobblestones, the lampposts, the faces of strangers — I no longer took them in and bound them up in me — they retained their values, their own identities and essences. I went out to them, immersed myself in them and found them more beautiful than I ever dreamed they could be. They taught, they nourished when one gave oneself to them.

Dusk brought me face to face with the inevitable question. How did a man without sight find love? Was it possible in the human realm to love what one could not see? Was not love a thing of glances and half-gestures?

The question loomed murky when one tried to solve it alone. But the strange light of fascination shone through. It was like the light I sometimes saw in kitchens when I walked outside in the evenings. How often I dreamed of the time when I would belong in such a kitchen, enclosed there from dusk with my wife and children while another walked outside and noticed the glow and dreamt of his time at it.

The room chilled rapidly with sunset. I took off my clothes, and, shivering, bathed in the half-light, using a sponge and the pitcher of unheated water from my washstand. Soap and fresh clothes destroyed the somberness. It

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was time to go to Bernac's recital and then to dinner with my friends.

THE LIGHT OF DEDICATION and its example — like the light in the kitchen. I lived surrounded by it.

At dinner after the concert, I looked at Casadesus' hands, those hands that were not ashamed to practice the simplest passage for hours. I looked into the faces of Bernac and Gaby and Nadia Boulanger and saw work and sacrifice and devotion. I thought of the years of preparation in lonely rooms before they showed the world the finished product of art's past mastery.

After dinner we walked to a sidewalk cafe near the palace where we sat under an awning and drank the unripe beer they served in postwar France. From an overhead speaker, Edwin Fischer's performance of the Beethoven *Emperor* Concerto sang out into the darkness of cobblestoned streets. The bitter fragrance of Casadesus' pipe tobacco permeated the chill night air.

Students, exalted by beer and Bernac's concert, talked too loudly about music — about Schoenberg, Krenek and Stravinsky while in the yellow lamplight Beethoven surrounded us.

Casadesus glowered at them and muttered about "the little respect they have for music." He leaned across the table and touched my hand with his pipe stem. "Why do you stay here and listen to this conversation?"

"God knows," I said.

"You should be out finding yourself a wife. You should marry now. At your age you should spend all your time making love. . . ."

His wife said, "But since when do you stick your nose into other people's business?"

Casadesus puffed his pipe benignly. "It is better to make love than to discuss theory, my friend. You learn more about art and truth that way. I don't understand why you stay here. If I were you I'd go back to—"

"Why do you stay here?" I asked.

"Because I'm old. It's my duty. I'm now an 'educator,' " he sneered at the word. "But you — you are young. I don't understand why you don't leave this silly conversation — get up and walk away. . . ."

"Because he wants to hear the Beethoven, perhaps — in peace and without your interference," Madame Casadesus suggested pleasantly.

The final cadence of the Beethoven sounded into the night. Bernac rose, stretched and said, "I think I'll go turn in. Come, walk back to the hotel with me."

After saying good-night, we returned to the hotel, his hand on my elbow, guiding me.

"You won't find what you're looking for here, you know," he said casually. "That's what Robert was trying to tell you."

"I know. . . ."

"You find what you're looking for alone — never in a crowd," he said. "You won't get it from Robert or Gaby or Nadia or me. We can give you a hint perhaps — show you that you work hard and don't despise loneliness — nothing much more. Each of us had to do it alone. It would have been worthless, commonplace, if we hadn't."

We remained silent until we entered the hotel courtyard.

"Can I ask you something?" he said.

"Of course. . . ."

"Your eyesight . . . why do you keep it a secret?"

"You just said you had to do it alone. If I told, I'd be in the midst of a crowd."

"I see. Will it get worse?"

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Yes — it goes fast now."

I heard him make a clucking sound and felt his hand drop away from my elbow as though the touch suddenly burned him.

Mail lay under the door when I entered my room. I picked it up and carried it to my table. With the reading glass, I studied the top letter from Marie-Bruno Hussar, O.P., written from the Dominican *Couvent St. Jacques* in Paris. Friar Marie-Bruno told me that he had received extraordinary permission to have me visit him during the novitiate, and that he would expect me early the next month. "I can see you during my free time. Your stay here will be a good transition between Fontainebleau and the studies you will make at the Abbey of Solesmes."

At the end, he added: "My poor friend, why are you so determined to be brave? Bravery of this sort is nothing more than a mask. You must work toward finding a way that will not require masks. . . ."

INSOMNIA. I sat on the edge of my bed in pajamas and drank a glass of red wine. The diluted amber light of a single globe surrounded me as I listened to the silences of the hotel.

Sleep was a waste. I put it off, wanting it but fighting against it. I felt I should later begrudge every moment passed in darkness that might have been passed in light.

But the wine drugged my heart and intestines, and sleep pressed heavily. I turned off the light at the wall switch and walked barefoot across the wooden floor to my bed.

I was almost asleep when footsteps rumbled on the stairs. The hope that someone might be coming to see me rose like panic in my chest. But if some friend should come and see no light under my door, he would go away.

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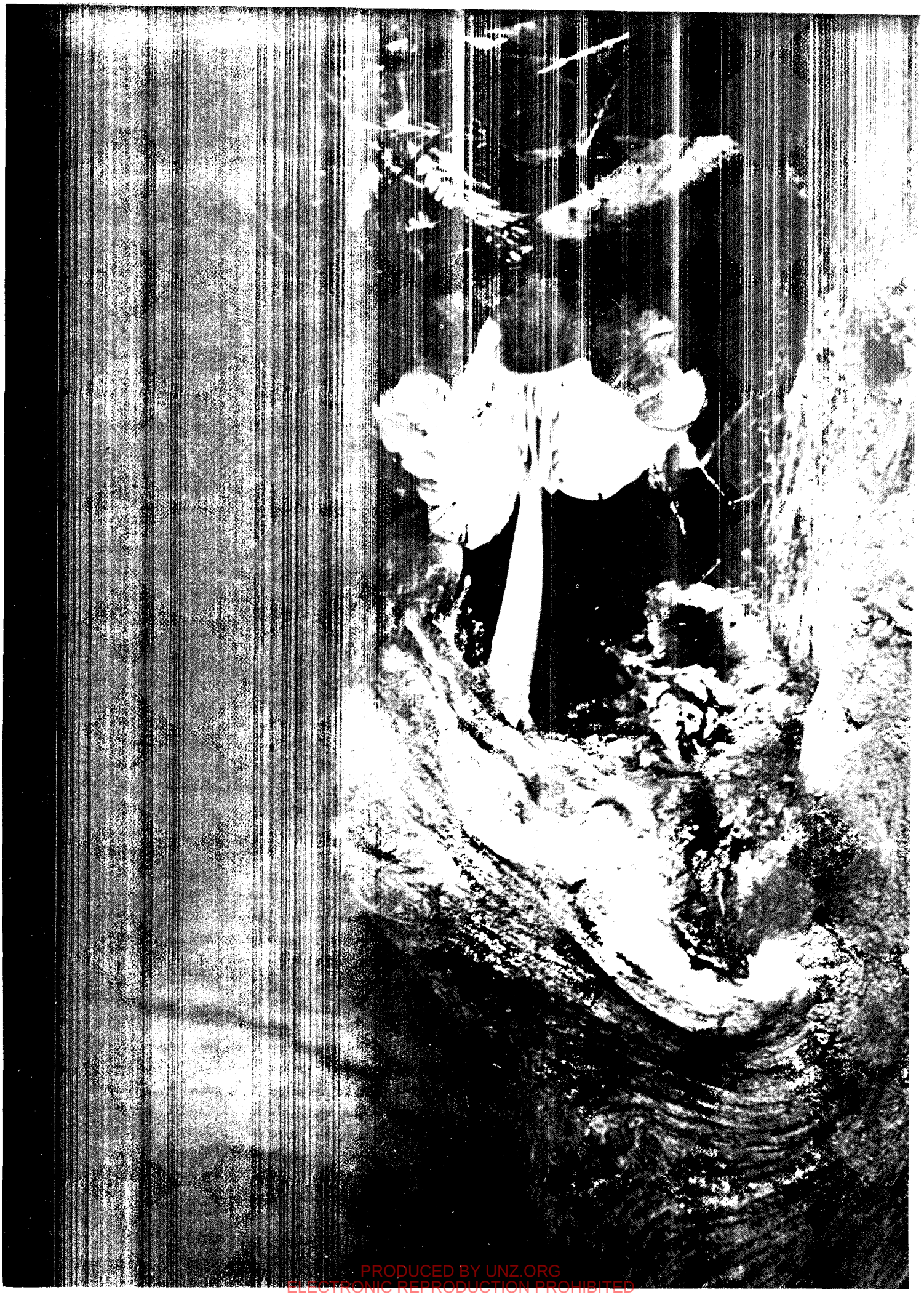

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I hurried to the wall and raked my hand across it to flip on the switch.

With my ear against the door I listened to muffled voices.

"I hope this will be all right for tonight. Tomorrow I can put you in a much nicer room downstairs." I visualized the proprietor, a fat middle-aged man who smiled constantly.

"I'm sure it'll be fine," a woman said in a full mature voice. A man mumbled agreement.

A key grated in the lock and I heard the door bump against the thin wall that separated their room from mine.

"Here are towels. I think you'll find the bed comfortable. The w.c. is directly across the hall. Good night, and may you rest well," the proprietor said.

I turned off my lights and listened to the proprietor shuffle heavily down the stairs.

"Are you tired?" the man asked from the adjoining room.

"No . . ." the woman answered tentatively.

I listened to their footsteps, to the sounds of unpacking, to the silence, realizing that this was the way I would know all things in the future, by sounds.

They talked little. I judged them to be a couple long married who no longer needed many words to communicate. The ease of their silence extended to me.

In darkness, seated on the floor with my back to the wall, I followed their movements.

Keys and coins jingled and I knew the man removed his pants.

The woman coughed and almost immediately sniffed. Shod footsteps became the padding of bare feet.

I imagined how it was — the two of them alone in the room as they had been alone in countless rooms during countless past nights. They prepared for bed.

Water gurgled into a glass. A moment later the glass thumped against a saucer when it was replaced.

Bare footsteps moved to the door.

"All right?" the man asked.

"All right," she said above creaking bed springs.

I heard a click. He walked toward the bed cautiously now, his cadence altered by darkness.

I sat motionless and listened to them settle into bed. I thought of them lying side by side under the same covers, relaxing. Did they lie on their backs, I wondered, or face to face? It did not matter. What mattered was that they were there together, sharing the warmth.

Cold air poured through my open window, chilling me, but I was reluctant to move. The invisible scene with its overtones of confidence and sharing stirred me to my deepest hungers. A middle-aged couple went to bed, as they did all over the world in all times; but at that moment they showed me something essential to the heart. My longing was fixed on this quiet thing of drifting off to sleep in dim awareness that part of myself slept beside me.

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, I visited the home of old pre-war friends, the Jacques Duthoos, in Tours, where I had lived as a student during my adolescence.

The blurring and headaches came more frequently. Because the Duthoos were people of great kindness, my presence was painful to them. Each time I ran into furniture, I raged with embarrassment and they stood silently by. I made them miserable, despite their protests of delight to have me.

I wanted almost desperately to go somewhere where I could make the transition into blindness in solitude. Hopefully I wrote a letter to Marie-Bruno of the Dominicans in Paris, asking him to seek permission for me to return there. I felt a great substructure of weakness within myself and believed that the monastic routine would provide the strength and calm to make it bearable, even though I had no intentions of becoming a Catholic.

Meanwhile, I spent more and more time away from the house. I revisited old haunts where I had spent such happy years in my adolescence. Tours was a city of parks and fountains and many bridges over the rivers, a city steeped in history. Every cobblestone gave up its echo of the past, recalling the Kings of France and some of her saints, recalling Ronsard and Balzac and Rabelais. I walked as I had done countless times as a lonely schoolboy, under a radiant autumn sun where they had walked and saw what they had seen.

Each day, late in the afternoon, I bought a sack of chestnuts, as much for the pleasure of talking with the vendor as for eating them. We became friendly in the casual way of people who meet frequently. He was from Chinon nearby — "there where Rabelais came from," he said with pride.

It occurred to me that I had never seen a blind man in Tours, a city of some 60,000 inhabitants. I asked him about this one afternoon.

"There are some, Monsieur. Pitiful things. One of them lives in my neighborhood, over near *les Halles*."

"What's his name?"

"Who knows? They call him l'Aveugle. That's all I've ever heard."

"How long has he been blind?"

"I've lived in the quarter thirty-five years now. He's been that way ever since I can remember."

"Do you think he'd talk with me?"

"Oh, he's grouchy as hell. You might have to buy some of his junk first."

Photographs by Helen Nestor

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"He's a vendor?"

"A beggar, really. He begs postcards, books — any kind of trash. Then hawks it on the street."

I left him and walked through the old quarter, where balconies of houses dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries almost touched overhead across the narrow cobblestone streets. These streets converged on *Les Halles*, a large open square where executions had once been held, a market place that dated from the Middle Ages. At this hour of the day it was crowded with workers returning to their homes from work. I saw no one who might be *l'Aveugle*.

I went into a dingy cafe and shouldered my way through the aperitif drinkers toward the bar. The barman told me *l'Aveugle* had a room in a corner house "three doors down."

I drank a glass of sour red wine and walked out into the sudden chill of the square. The sun hung like a cold blue orb above the bakery shop, filtered of color by the haze of smoke from cooking fires.

The low entrance to the house "three doors down" was so low I had to stoop. Inside, I slowly raised my head to a somber foyer a yard square, with a door on each side and stairsteps ahead. I tried the door on the right. It opened into a black hole of a foul-smelling w.c. I knocked on the door to the left and it opened a crack.

"Pardon, Madame. I'm looking for *l'Aveugle*."

"Mount the stairs, then, Monsieur. Last door on the right."

I FELT MY WAY along the dark hall of the upper landing. At the last door, I heard the sound of a news broadcast from a radio — strange sound in a city where radios were not common and in a quarter where they would be expensive luxuries. I tapped on the door. Footsteps shuffled within and stopped on the other side of the door.

"Who is there, please?" I heard an aged voice, soft and covered, a strangely cultivated voice; not the sour tones the chestnut vendor had led me to expect.

"You don't know me. But I should like to talk with you."

"I'm ready for bed. Do you want to buy something?"

"Yes. . . ."

"You are alone?"

"Yes. . . ."

"One moment, please."

His footsteps moved slowly away from the door. After a time he called from across the room. "You may come in now."

I opened the door, prepared to hate what I saw, expecting a view of poverty and blind disorder. Light from his window showed me an immaculately clean and cheerful room. Even the stale, filthy odor of the hall was obliterated by the fragrance of lavender water.

L'Aveugle, an elderly and stooped man, with white hair and thin aristocratic features, finished tying the belt of an expensive red-and-black striped silk robe over his white brocade pajamas. His skeletal feet were encased in red leather house-slippers of an expensive cut. I thought I had got into the wrong room, but then he spoke: "Talk, please, so I know where you are."

"Yes sir. I'm right here."

"You must excuse me. I retire early."

"Please . . . I shouldn't have come so late."

"What do you wish to buy?"

"Perhaps a book. . . ."

"I'll show you what I have," he said gently. I watched him kneel and drag a box from under his bed.

"Sit down if you wish. There's a chair by the window," he said.

I glanced out to dusk light on a small and cluttered courtyard behind the house. Across the way, sallow lights were turned on in other rooms and shutters were being closed.

On the table beside me, the radio's light gleamed, downstreaking the oil cloth with yellow. I had obviously interrupted his supper. Half-eaten on a plate lay slices of buttered bread and salami. A tall bottle of unlabeled red wine stood beside a partially filled glass.

The old man stacked books on his bed. His clothes, neatly folded over another chair near his armoire, contrasted oddly to his splendid night apparel: they were the ragged, filthy clothes of a pariah.

"Should I close your shutters?" I asked. "It's getting dark."

"Yes, please," he said, lifting an armload of books and carrying them to the table.

As I closed the shutters to a view of twilight on rubble, I wondered how I should ever get back to the Duthoos.

"There, you may find something interesting," he said. "Are you a scholar?"

"A student. Yes sir."

"You talk like an educated man."

"So do you, Sir."

"I learn it all from the radio," he sighed. "In the evenings, for years, I have come home and listened to the radio until time to sleep. I'm a slave to that machine," he laughed. "Without it I would have gone mad long ago."

I asked his permission to turn on the light.

"Of course. I forget others must have electricity when it gets dark," he apologized. "There's a new bulb there. I always turn on the light when I close the blinds."

"You have some sight then?"

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"No . . . it's just that I cannot bear the idea of sitting in the darkness. Though I have never seen it, I like the idea of light."

I lifted a large book to the drop-light and examined its title.

"Do you find anything?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Read the title to me, will you?" he asked. "I never know really what I have."

I deciphered the large printing. "*Pages Choisies* of Pierre Loüys."

"Really?"

"Yes. And here's *Balthazar* of Anatole France. And here's Maeterlinck's *La Grande Porte*."

As I CONTINUED through the stack, I became aware of a mood of intense pleasure in the old man. I saw the scene as though detached from it — the two of us sat at his table under lamplight on a cold autumn's evening. He leaned forward, an expression of concentration on his seamed face, his blue eyes alive but focusless.

My attention was jerked back to the volume in my hand, an obvious piece of pornography. I flipped through to glimpse hazed drawings of sexual orgies and then set the book to one side.

He heard the page-flipping and the rustle as I placed the book on the table.

"What was that one?" he asked quickly.

I told him and watched his face tighten with anger. "They give me these things. I have no way, no way of knowing what they are, you understand. They think it amusing to give me these things. Twice I've been selling obscene cards without knowing. All right if some man wants to buy them. But I'm afraid to show my supply to women or children, afraid they'll see something like that and judge me a hawker of filth."

"Couldn't you get someone to go through them for you?"

"Who? I am alone. I have no one in the world." He hesitated a moment. "Can I tell you something, Monsieur?"

"Of course."

"You are the first person who's ever read these titles to me. You can't imagine what it means to me. Twelve years ago a letter came for me. I carried it for days, not even knowing who it was from. I could have asked someone in the street, but you get timid about such things." His voice thickened slightly. "Finally, do you know? — I took it to St. Martin's and asked one of the Fathers to read it for me. I'm a free-thinker, not a Catholic, but I took it there. He read it for me. It was a tax notice. Since then, until tonight, no one has read a word to me. I get everything from the radio, Monsieur."

His frail body trembled with an emotion that astonished me. "It is cold. I'm sorry I have no fire," he said shakily.

"Shall I go on?"

"Please."

"*Hölderlin* by Stephan Zweig."

"Who was Hölderlin?" he asked in a thin voice. His trembling rose to a paroxysm.

"A painter, I think."

"Would it be asking too much, Monsieur . . . yes, of course it would," he sighed.

"What?"

"If you would read me just one line . . . a sentence anywhere."

Without my reading glass I could not hope to decipher the body text. "The light is too poor, I'm afraid," I said, feeling my own voice grow unsteady. "I could come back tomorrow and read to you."

He nodded his head as though he accepted the disappointment but did not believe me. I struggled with a page, holding it almost against my eye, but the lines were fuzzy grey streaks.

I heard the question within me: "My God, is this the way it is? Is it so bad that a man goes to pieces at the emotion of having a few book titles read to him? — that he begs for a sentence, any sentence from a book?"

"There are other scabrous books here," I said. "Do you want me to separate them?"

"Please . . . if you would."

I arranged them in separate stacks and placed his hand on the stack nearest him. "These are the books you'd not want to show women or children."

"It is foul of them to give me these things," he said with dignity and hatred. "They think it's amusing."

I chose a book I thought he would probably not sell to anyone else: *Les Problèmes Non Résolus de La Science*, by Haslett, and asked him the price.

"Thirty-five francs," he said cautiously.

I counted the money into his beggar's hand that protruded from the sleeves of his princely robe.

"Will you have a glass of wine with me?" he asked.

I accepted and watched him pour, quite expertly. He held his finger over the lip of the glass and judged its fullness by pouring until the wine touched his fingertip.

He did not clink glasses at the toast, as would most people of the quarter, but offered it like an aristocrat, in a raised gesture, and said: "To your good health."

"To yours," I answered and sipped at the wine.

He gazed toward me, his eyes a blare. "What brought you here, I wonder?" he asked, his voice deep in his throat.

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In the background, the slick-jazz music of a Paris orchestra bounced against the room's stone walls.

"I don't really know, Monsieur," I said.

"You didn't come for a book though. Did you?"

"No sir."

"Did you come to see a blind man?" He leaned toward me, his face covering my entire field of vision, consuming me.

"Yes sir. . . ."

The jazz raked across us.

"Why?" his voice exploded the word, softly, as though he dreaded the answer.

I wished for silence. The room needed silence. But we heard the cheap upsurge of saxophones and clarinets.

"Because I hoped to learn something from you."

"Learn from me? What, for example?"

"How you do things? How you live? What it's like? . . ."

He drew back as though I had slapped him. "Good night, Monsieur," he said with dignity.

"You don't understand," I said. "It wasn't morbid curiosity."

"What then? A sociological study? — How a blind beggar —"

"No . . . no. . . . Believe me."

His voice sharpened with resentment. "Why should you want to know what it's like to be like me?"

"Because that's the way I'll soon be," I answered with equal sharpness, throwing it into his face.

He blanched and the flesh crumpled around his mouth. No matter what reassurances he might give me, I knew the truth of his reaction at that moment on his face. He was visibly, severely stunned.

"I know nothing about it, nothing at all," I said. "I've never even talked with anyone who's had such an experience. I thought I could get an idea of what it was like. . . ."

His voice cut in, rasping and far too loud. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"A child. God damn. A child. Are you married?"

"No sir."

Music from the radio filled the silence between us:

He was a beautiful sailor boy

Who brought into port my fullest joy

the woman sang militantly, savagely.

The cold penetrated our clothing. Both of us trembled uncontrollably.

"You have a family?" he asked more gently.

"In America, yes."

"Will you have more wine? We can talk."

"I'm keeping you up — and it's so cold."

He rose to his feet and stood motionless for a long time, supporting himself with one hand on the table.

"Have you had supper?" he asked without opening his eyes.

"No sir."

"Ah," he smiled and slapped his hands together to create a different atmosphere. "Then I tell you. Let's eat. I have blankets. We can wrap up. Come, we will enjoy ourselves, eh? We will talk all night if you wish. It's not really so bad, you know. When one thinks of it, it's not really so bad. You see, I have nice things — nice room, a radio. I'm king here."

THE DISCOMFORT DROPPED from between us. We were two people safe in a closed room, separated from the rest of the world by the night. We had something in common, so deeply felt that it destroyed all barriers.

"I tell you, I have good clothes in that armoire," he boasted. "Someday I may have a friend, someone like you perhaps. And he'll take me to a nice restaurant for dinner — one of the really fine places."

"I'll take you. . . ."

"Would you?" he cackled with pleasure, as a father at some gesture from his child. "I'd pay for it, of course. Now—" he grimaced and reached for the radio, but drew his hand back. "Do you like this music?"

"God no. I've been wanting to change it myself."

"Good. Tell me if I come to something you like. And there are blankets in the armoire if you'd not mind getting them. You are at home here."

He spun the dial and stopped on a woman's chorus from England. They sang a bouncy madrigal-like arrangement of a religious song.

"It's nice, eh?" he said. "Do you understand the words?"

"Yes sir. Hold Jesus, dear Jesus, in your arms like a lamb."

"*Merde*," he whispered. "It sounded like it might be something." He turned the dial again. "There, that's good, I know."

A jubilant sequential passage from a Handel violin sonata turned the atmosphere festive.

I placed one of the blankets around his stooped shoulders. He fingered the table edge and drew his chair around to the correct angle before it. Wrapped in the other blanket, I took my seat while he cut slabs of bread and salami for me.

We fell easily into conversation about blindness, not agonizing this time, for the pleasures we felt in one another's company, in drinking the wine and eating the food, over-rode the somberness of our subject.

"I can teach you," he laughed. "I'll make you the most

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accomplished beggar on the continent. There's nothing else we can do in a provincial town. No jobs, not even the humblest. But begging is fine as long as you don't believe what you're doing. You must live two lives, keep your self-respect even when you act as though you had lost it completely."

The idea of becoming the old man's begging protegé excited my imagination.

"You are intelligent. You would learn quickly. And there is much to learn — an entire new way of living. The worst thing is the loneliness. A blind man needs a great friendship, more even than he needs a woman. I've never had a friend, but you must have. The loneliness is too terrible otherwise. When I was younger, I thought of taking a wife — one of those women who pledge themselves to marry only the maimed or disabled. But at the last moment I couldn't. Self-respect becomes the only important thing — it saves your life, really. I would have to marry a woman I won right, who wouldn't be reserved for me like a pension check just because I was blind. Can you imagine what that would do to a man? — to know that a woman slept with you not because she loved you but because she loved God!"

"Yes sir. . . ."

"If you give in on one point like that, you're defeated. They have won."

"Who's that?"

"They — those out there — the sighted ones. They want you to be a certain way — they castrate you of self-respect thinking they help you. Sometimes I hate them, Monsieur . . . in their arrogance and superiority. But it's stupid to hate them. And sometimes a saint voice breathes in your ear for just a moment — out of all the clutter of sound — and then the love for humanity comes back. You will experience this. It is a great mystery to me. I am not a man of faith. I hate pious unction. But when you are blind people will reveal themselves to you, knowing you can never identify them. They will show themselves to you as they never would to another. Most are ordinary, dull. But you quickly come to see that some are saints and some are satanic. I have had elderly men and women, Monsieur — I could smell their dentures — with the odor of incense from Mass or Benediction fresh on their clothes, whisper to me — things that only Satan could utter."

His distinguished face hovered before me, his eyes closed, the long wrinkles of his cheeks deeply shadowed in lamplight. "And again, others smelling the same, have shown me hints of the most extraordinary graces . . . souls like the sunlight." His voice dropped to a dead tone: "What do you do about women? Do you go to whores? I ask you this because when you are blind everything changes. Everything is either crushed or it becomes slightly exaggerated. It takes a certain hardness inside you — a callousness — to go to the whores. What will you do about sex?"

"I've wondered about that myself," I said.

"That's the great trap," he said. "You see me? I am a puritan. We blind people almost have to become that way. But you can avoid this horrible sickness if you know about it in advance and can guard against it. We can't evade the sexual impasse like the sighted can. It is such a burning point with us that it turns us puritanical. I believe it's the worst of our handicap. I realize it now, but I'm too old to change. I know better in my mind, but I can't persuade my body and my heart. I freeze with loathing for everything that brings sex to my attention. When I was younger, I had a great craving for love. It is difficult to explain it to you. A person with sight can see in a glance that someone has affection for him. He sees a thousand indications of it — he even has a sort of union with everyone he sees. With us, all of that is gone. We know people only by their voices. And the voice doesn't really tell much. It comes out of the air. When it is tired, it sounds exactly the same as when it is sick or angry or disgusted. It is not enough. We unite by touch. And you can't go around touching people the way a sighted person can go around looking at them. When no one touches you, you crave even a handshake, the feel of something human. With a friend you can have that. He will throw his arm around your shoulder or nudge you in the ribs. Even that is enough. But without it, you crave, you crave. . . ."

He pushed the wine bottle over the oil cloth toward me. I took it and filled our glasses.

"You think I exaggerate? No, it is a very great thing. You thought nothing of putting the blanket around my shoulders just now. To me it was — *Dieu*, how could I begin to tell you. . . ."

He realized only then that he had not offered me butter for my sandwiches. He hastily brought it out of a small upright cupboard with gauze-covered doors beside his chair. I noted his accuracy in reaching for it.

"I judge everything from the location of the radio," he explained. "I know just how many centimetres to the right of that sound I keep my butter. You will learn these things. Indeed they are the least of it. It is the affections that present the problems. Do you know what my name is?"

"No sir. . . ."

"I've lived in this quarter almost fifty years. Not a soul knows my name. Not that I would keep it a secret. God no, I should like to hear my name called. They never think to ask. You see, I am not an individual — not Pierre or François or Charles like the rest of them. What do I hear when I walk down the street? *Bonjour, Monsieur l'Aveugle.*

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I have no name — only a condition. I am known, but not for who I am, only for what I am. I tell you these things not to complain, but to show you what you must do. You must become more a man than blind — overpower the condition of blindness with some individuality. And you must find some way not to kill your love. People don't understand about this. What are you, sitting there? To me you are nothing, really. But if I touch your hand, you become something. There is something terribly wrong, isn't there, something terribly wrong?"

He drank from his glass, more rapidly this time. Then he raised his skeletal hands to massage across his forehead, hiding his face.

FROM THE RADIO I heard an announcement that Marguerite Long would be soloist in the recording of Mozart's Concerto Number 23 in A. Almost immediately the opening measures of this ravishing music poured out into the room between us.

With his face still covered, the old man spoke, his voice somehow catching hints of serenity from the music. "I'll tell you something terrible, because you'll feel these things, too. When I was young like you, this craving for affection got so bad I went to the prostitutes. Do you know why? Not because of sex, really, but because there, at least, someone would touch me. I'd get so desperate I'd try to buy affection. I searched for some true warmth when they put their arms around me. And I never, never once found it. Their embraces were no more real than if I'd laid in a mannequin's arms. I hated them for it. Each time, I felt sick because there was never that special touch or that soft expression in their voices. Each time I swore I would never go back. And always I did. Always I hoped. Finally, I realized I would never have the peace of affection unless the gods sent me either a real wife or a real friend. I started hating what is really good, because it hurt so desperately. I was virile, but I blocked sex out of my life long ago because I could never feed it with the affections. By itself, without affection, it is worse than nothing. I killed it like one kills a well-loved animal who will otherwise torture you by starving to death before your eyes. But one can't really kill it, you know," he added into his hands. "At night, sometimes in summer even now, I pass the park and hear lovers. I imagine them with their arms around one another — and taking all of that for granted, perhaps not even feeling half of the touches. I feel like going to them and shouting: 'Do you know what you have? Do you know what it means to be able to touch someone? . . .' " His voice trailed off as though he could find no further words to express the immensity of it.

I felt his despair in my own belly, mingling with the long and moving phrases of the Mozart and with the rich odor of salami.

"It's strange I can talk about this at all," he said. He dropped his hands and smiled uncertainly. "I tell you these things because you must not be cheated the way I feel I have been cheated. No, that's not it. It's because you are here and there's warmth in you. To me, for these few moments, it's almost as though you were the friend I've never had. I can talk to you about sex or love without that feeling of nausea because there is safety in here between us. Do you understand that?"

"I think so," I said and drank again, my fourth or fifth glass.

"Did you have enough to eat?"

When I assured him I had, he rose to his feet and began stacking the dishes. He wrapped the bread in a piece of cotton toweling, lifted my glass, felt that it was almost empty and replenished it.

The Mozart absorbed our attention as it entered the slow movement, piano and orchestra in a dialogue of contemplative tenderness. He stood with one hand on the table, the blanket around his shoulders, his head slightly raised, staring toward the ceiling. His hand on the table began to shake as though he were struck with palsy.

"Could I ask you something?"

"Of course," I said.

"You are the first person who's ever visited me — who's ever been easy with me. There may never be another. . . ." He hesitated. An awkward silence settled between us.

"What is it?" I asked finally.

"I'm afraid it might offend you. . . ."

"I doubt it," I laughed.

His voice rattled deep in his throat. "Would you let me feel how your face is?"

His tone of intense dread and longing sent shock through me.

"Certainly," I said.

"Is it not repugnant to you?"

"Not in the slightest." I removed my glasses and lifted his hand to my face.

His fingertips were like ice to my flesh, timid and trembling.

"It's very moving to me," he apologized. Then his touch became more certain as he explored my temples, my forehead, my jaws and around the front to my nose and lips. I smelled the faint odor of castile soap and salami on his hands. His face bore the stamp of total absorption.

"Is your hair blond?"

"Brown. . . ."

"Your eyes?"

"Greenish-blue, I think. . . ."

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"They are deep sunk."

"Yes sir."

His fingers, hard as sticks, moved over my head to the nape of my neck again and again, trembling less. His features relaxed as though a vast calm entered him. His hands drifted reluctantly away and rested on the table.

"I could teach you to be a good beggar," he said.

"Thank you. . . ."

"You could live here with me, perhaps."

"I honestly wish I could. But I'm leaving soon. And after I lose my sight, I'll have to return to America to attend schools for the blind."

"I see. . . ."

"In fact, I'm afraid I have to be going now. I'm visiting friends here. Only I'm not sure how I'll get back. I can't see enough to get around after dark."

"Then stay with me," he said eagerly. "The bed is double. I sleep quietly. We could talk all night if you wanted to."

"My hosts will surely become alarmed if I don't return," I explained.

"Well, if you feel you must go, I can take you there. I know the town well. Where do they live?"

"Rue Jules Simon, number twenty-three."

"An elegant part of town," he said in disappointment. "You are a rich man?"

I felt overtones of humiliation that he had dared suggest a rich man become his pupil, live with him, be his friend.

"No, I'm sure I'm much poorer than you are."

He talked rapidly while he changed into his ragged day clothes.

"I hope you realize what this has meant to me. I have had a visitor, Monsieur. We have dined and drunk together at my table. Do you know that during all my years here — nearly half a century — I've never before had someone for supper? Do you know that I never before touched a grown man's face? And I never shall again. I know that. It's too much to hope that another will come here as you did, and then stay for a time as you did. You, my poor friend, are the one big thing that has ever happened to me. I know you won't believe it. But it's true. Come, I'll take you home now."

With his left hand clutched around my arm above the elbow, he guided me down the hall to the accompaniment of light tapping from his heavy stick. "Fine now," he whispered. "A few more steps and we are at the stairs. There. Step down. Careful."

Despite the chill, we walked slowly, far more slowly than was necessary. We strolled past massed houses from which no light showed. We talked softly, as friends with no barriers between us, speaking to express the pleasure we felt in one another's company.

"Here we are, young man," he said at last. He squared me gently so that I felt the high metal grill gate that led into the Duthoo courtyard against my back.

"How did you ever know to stop exactly at this spot?" I asked.

"All the *virtuosi* are not in the concert halls," he laughed. "I know that twenty-three is the Duthoo mansion. And I know that the Duthoo mansion is set back from the street with a garden in front, whereas the mansions on either side are set on the street, with gardens in back. So when I hear my cane tap with a hollow sound, I know we are where we should be. . . ."

I realized I had forgotten my book, but said nothing about it. He would probably never know, and he might be able to sell it again.

"Can you see anything at all?" he asked.

"Not in this darkness."

"You are like me now," he said tentatively. His hand descended my arm and came to rest in my hand. It was time to say good-bye.

Neither of us could think of anything to say. No easy words came. I felt him tense beside me. His breathing rasped suddenly.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

His fingers contracted like wires around my hand. "I hate it for you," he groaned. "We don't think it's so bad when it happens to us. We get used to it. Then we see it happen to somebody else. Then we realize how horrible it is. There's no way . . . no way . . . ." His voice ground out the words in despair.

He released me suddenly and his cane tapped wildly away. For a moment I thought of going after him. But at that speed, and without his skills, I knew I could never catch him. I leaned against the grill, felt frost on the iron bite into the back of my head and listened to his cane dim into silence. A sullen pressure filled my throat and I hoped I should not have to talk with anyone before I got to my room.

MOUNTING THE DARK STAIRS, it occurred to me that he never did tell me his name, and that he did not know mine.

Three letters lay on my bed in my room. One from my parents in America, cheerful, filled with confidence. I thought of *l'Aveugle* with no family to protect him from the raging loneliness that afflicted him.

The next letter, from Marie-Bruno, informed me that they would be unable to have me come and stay, since the rule allowed for the visit only of retreatants for brief periods. He went on:

Now the calm tone of your letter allows me to dare

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to speak to you of the manner in which you might accept this loss of sight. You are being given an opportunity to offer a great sacrifice to God, and thereby to grow in spirit. If you can accept this, abandon yourself to God's infinite dynamism, in a short time you will surely enjoy peace and the knowledge of how to find God in this darkness.

It is not easy. It might even be impossible without the grace of God. The secret is in this, that we can not make progress if we try to follow our own inclinations; but we must rather seek God's will, even where it most conflicts with our desires. *This is a very great love, in a very great docility, until our every thought, our every action and reaction even, is attuned not to ourselves but to the God within us.*

I sat on my bed and read the letter again and again, noting that Marie-Bruno had not forgotten to print a large script, far different from his usual miniature writing.

I recognized with some regret that for someone else these would be words of infinite wisdom. But I could no more fix my attention lovingly on God than I could on the wallpaper of my room. Even the thought filled me with intimate embarrassment. God meant nothing to me, to my great sorrow. He was an idea, the comfort of my youth, a myth worthy of my respect, nothing more.

The third letter was from the guestmaster at the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, telling me they could offer me a vacant cell for a visit and that the Father Abbot would be happy to receive me; and that I would be allowed to work in the *Paléographie Musicale*. My years of dreaming about someday studying in this great citadel of learning were about to be realized.

I went to bed full of uncertainty and lay there in half-dreams in which the old *Aveugle* mingled. This was another move. Should I really go? Would it not be wiser — at least kinder — to stay here and learn from the old man, offer him the consolations of friendship? But no, I had made myself a promise years ago — always to take the new step. That alone decided me to leave, to abandon all I knew here in this well-loved city and go there to the unknown. As my body gathered warmth beneath the covers Solesmes absorbed all my thoughts. I heard in imagination its silences, the great bells, the chants drifting down endless corridors of the cloister. . . .

THE NEXT DAY I took a last walk along the tree-lined ramparts of the Loire River. Thoughts of *l'Aveugle* preoccupied me, but I decided against seeing him again. We had said everything last night. Another visit would be painful for both of us.

Late in the afternoon the sky filled with thick black thunderheads. I turned back toward the Duthoo home, guided by the towering Gothic spires of the ancient Cathedral Saint-Gatien. First heavy drops of rain smacked against the cobblestones as I arrived in the cathedral square. Here, trees and buildings were reduced to miniature by the nearness and massiveness of the church. Lightning flickered constantly, pinpointing the ornate façade in greenish light against the black skies.

I hurried inside and mingled with the crowd. Long queues formed at each of the little upright coffins they used for confessional booths. They were all there — men, women and children, the wealthy and the poor — for Saturday evening confession.

I gazed at them through the dim light and wondered. Their world, their home-life, their ethics, their way of looking at things — all of that lay behind the fog of mystery to me. Were they at all like me? Did they have the same flashes of frightful temptation; did they harbor the beast in their bellies? If so, how could they pour out such filth into the unseen ear of the confessor?

A few prayed in the central portion of the church, their figures dwarfed by the vast heights. My hungers stirred painfully toward what they had found, but my mind congealed against it. In the building's gloom, lighted here and there by clusters of votive lamps, the intensity of prayers pervaded the atmosphere.

I felt alone and under an almost magnetic compulsion to enter the black-curtained confessional box. I rejected the idea but it returned insistently. After all, the priest would never know who I was and I should never know who he was. I would be in the dark talking to a voice that represented wisdom and faith. I would be speaking to a person vowed never to divulge what he heard. I had no one else in the world to talk with.

Then a statement from Gide came to mind. Referring to a group of nuns, he had observed how they cherished the pearl of their faith, never realizing it was a false pearl. He had added that as long as they did not realize it was a false pearl, perhaps it had the same value to them as a real one. I turned and walked away from the confessional, past statues of saints mounted on giant pedestals that loomed above me, past a young woman whose face was blank with prayer. I felt my body hang about me as an encumbrance; my feet, cold and sweating in my shoes, walked on removing me from contact with the false pearl. I strode toward the normalcy of cobblestone pavements and the noise of the world outside. But where could I go? I saw the world as nothing but an endless dusk leading me down a thousand alleys which I already knew ended nowhere. They ended nowhere unless one had a kitchen, a family, a bed and the brains and hearts of others to share.

The idea of returning to the Duthoos and sitting at a glittering dining table repelled me. I should not be there.

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They were a family sufficient unto themselves. The picture of them without me was better than the one with me.

My footsteps slowed and I sidled into an empty pew.

A veiled woman lighted votive candles at a nearby side altar. A cough reverberated in the obscurity. Drawing my coat more tightly about me, I shuddered. Odors of age and stone and humanity combined into a stench that stifled the spirit. I looked on the backs of kneelers who worshipped the pearl. Each stone of this immense structure had been laid centuries ago with devotion to the same pearl. Generations had worn the stone floors down with their footsteps. They had mumbled the same prayers, confessed the same sins, wasted how many energies and hopes on the false pearl?

I sat for a time in the rustling silence, and I felt myself drowse when the thought quietly settled in me. How did Gide know? True, I shared his belief, that the pearl was false. But how could we know? Did we, ourselves, possess the true one? If so, why were we so tormented? Marie-Bruno had said that the experience of faith teaches. Not having possessed this pearl, how could we know what it might teach or if in truth it were false?

The picture of myself was suddenly thrown coldly in my face. I saw a young man going blind, it is true, but clinging to all that was pathetic in it, mourning because of a faith denied him. He played the classic role after all, even while sincerely thinking he struggled against it. He cast his last lingering glances at the world, vacillated endlessly for fear of compromising his precious intellectual integrity.

I felt blistered by self-contempt and embarrassed to catch myself in a falsity of which I was not even aware. But now, the self-indulged pathos shone clear and cheap in all its noble trappings of tragedy and sacrifice. I got up and stumped out of the cathedral, relieved to have been shown myself, even in such a brutal way. Filled with an upsurge of energy, I sloshed through the downpour to the *bureau de tabac* and bought a package of strong black cigarillos.

I RETURNED TO THE DUTHOOS' and sneered at my room which had been the locale of so much sadness. Stripping off my soaked clothes, I switched on the radio and plopped down in a chair. Rain gusted against my window, not the sad rain of the past weeks, but the pleasant rain of my youth, accenting elements of shelter and the taste of butter cookies near the hearth. The BBC Third Programme faded in over the warming hum of the radio. I listened a moment while an elderly British poetess chewed the crystal of her verses. Cutting her off in the middle of a squawk, I turned the dial. The needle paused at Radio-Paris where a massive-voiced soprano bellowed *Depuis le jour.*

". . . tergiversation . . ." the British poetess enunciated pleasantly as I passed her station again.

A full-bodied performance of Bach's second Brandenburg Concerto bounced into the room. I sank back in my chair, overwhelmed by the vigor and sanity of this music. It filled me with a jubilance that brought tears from my eyes. I lighted one of the strong cigarillos and let its aroma mingle with the Bach. So I would be blind. With such music and such smells, I could state it bluntly and laugh at it. So I would be blind. So, by all rights I should have been dead, buried somewhere in the Pacific. So, this was a new life, given free.

When the Bach ended, I switched off the radio and listened to the rain-filled silence. I heard the children's muffled voices and footsteps downstairs and smelled a lamb roast.

Dinner was festive that night. I drank much wine and ate with good appetite and joked with the children. It was a time of change, influenced by the Bach, the rain, the cathedral. I felt contempt for sadness. That was all right in the ordinary run of living. A man had to try to get a little of everything in his one life and be sad if he were deprived of some of it. But with me, it was different. If I should consider that I was killed back there, dead and gone, then my life was done and I no longer had to look for my little of everything. The years to come had been given me to live an experience which I was free to color any way I chose. I was no longer bound to the ordinary reactions. However it might go, I should have no regrets. If I should be reduced to begging in the street, then I should enjoy the feel of hot pavement beneath my shoes and the odors of asphalt and automobile exhausts. Good or bad fortune were equally attractive when viewed in such a context. Hunger was as interesting as satiety? A life without sight as interesting as a life with sight? Who was to say different? Society? The bulk of humanity? But they were living their first lives, cautiously aware that someday they would die. They had everything to lose. They could not take the risks. But I had been through death, had my insides burned out by it twice. I was living a second life, freed of those cautious awarenesses. I had nothing to lose. I could take all the risks.

When Scattered Shadows *appeared in* RAMPARTS' *January 1963 issue, we measured our readership by the hundreds. Now that we need giant computers to help us keep abreast of our circulation figures, it seems a pity that the original printing of this remarkable excerpt reached so few people. Therefore we are pleased to present this second printing — call it a Christmas present. This portion of Mr. Griffin's autobiography will soon be published by Houghton Mifflin in a book entitled* The John Howard Griffin Reader.

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"In respect to the war now going on, knowing you, I'm sure you are on the front lines. I write this letter to you from Cuba, but please don't think I'm just sitting and resting. I will be fighting fascism in Cuba as you are at the front. Right now I can't tell you what I am doing, but some day I will tell you."—*Ernest Hemingway*

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The Man Who Spent His Life Shooting War *By Judy Stone*

They looked so young, those fair-haired boys in uniforms that made them feel like men. They stood so erectly at attention under the warm sunshine in the arena as the voice over the loudspeaker told them: "The Fuehrer wants to see your eyes shine like wild animals." They had a glorious war, for a while, until Stalingrad.

I watched it all unfold again: from the burning of the Reichstag to the burning of Berlin, in a new Russian documentary, "The Great Patriotic War," a powerful, harrowing and occasionally poetic two-hour-and-twenty-minute film about World War II. The large, cold auditorium of the Masonic building where the Ninth Annual San Francisco International Film Festival was being held was nearly as empty as the League of Nations when Maxim Litvinov pleaded for collective security. Who cares about bombs that fall on the other fellow's home?

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"Sometimes I was sorry I had a camera in my hand and not a gun."

"When I look around your beautiful country," the film's director, Roman Karmen, told his small audience, "I am glad that not a single bomb fell on it. But half of Russia was destroyed and 20 million people lost their lives. It is important that we understand each other . . ."

To understand the emotion packed into those words, you have to know that Karmen has spent his life covering war. Long before the bombs fell on his own country, his camera eloquently showed the bloody prelude in Spain. Imagine what it meant then when a voice he cherished from Spain reached out to him during the terrible early days of the Nazi invasion of Russia!

Speaking slowly in English and from memory, Karmen repeated the words of Ernest Hemingway's letter: "In respect to the war now going on, knowing you, I'm sure you are on the front lines. I write this letter to you from Cuba, but please don't think I'm just sitting and resting. I will be fighting fascism in Cuba as you are at the front. Right now I can't tell you what I am doing, but some day I will tell you."

He never saw Hemingway again, but later he realized that Hemingway had control of a small fleet of fishing boats and probably was on the lookout for German submarines. If Karmen proceeds with his plans to make a documentary on Spain next year, I am sure there will be a spot for Hemingway in it.

For Karmen, a slim, dapper, white-haired man of 58, the war, and his career, really began in Spain. He told me about it, speaking occasionally in English, only lightly accented, selecting his words carefully and then switching to Russian when the conversation became more complicated. (His volunteer translator for the festival was Mrs. Grace McClatchy, daughter of George Kennan, former United States Ambassador to Russia.)

Everything up to Spain had been preparation, he said, but he obviously enjoyed reminiscing about his boyhood in Odessa. He was the son of a journalist who wrote sympathetically about the workers. "Although we were poor in a material sense, we were always surrounded by artists, writers and thinkers."

DURING THE CIVIL WAR, the White Army arrested and tortured his father. Although he was finally liberated by the Red Army, he died within a month as a result of the treatment.

At the age of 13, Karmen began working to support his mother and brother by selling newspapers. "That's an old capitalistic story," I told him and he appeared to enjoy the joke.

When his family moved to Moscow in 1923, Karmen got a job as press photographer for the weekly magazine Ogonyok (Flame), but soon became dissatisfied with the limitations of the photo camera. He wanted to become part of the exciting new world of documentary film making that had opened up in Russia when the cinema industry was nationalized in 1919.

Karmen was particularly influenced by the work of Dziga Vertov, who was experimenting with camera angles on the theory that the camera has an eye which can go anywhere. Vertov may not be well known now, Karmen said, but his work was a forerunner of today's cinema vérité, the contemporary effort to capture the authenticity of the documentary by introducing as many of its methods as possible into fictional subjects. In that period, encouraged by the government, Russian cinema obtained the greatest series of films of the silent period, according to Western experts, and from them, world cinema got its first aesthetic, the art of montage.

Karmen, who started making documentaries in 1932, felt as the years went on that this was a "fighting art." Its main purpose is "to tell the truth, the exact truth about real life in other countries." And although he views life through the eyes of a Communist, there is no doubt about the conviction in his voice when he says that the camera must show the truth.

He was a man who had always wanted to "shoot real life" and not have to deal with actors in a studio. His first major assignment as director and cameraman was in an expedition testing new automobiles in a difficult trek across the black sands of the largest desert in the world, the Karakum desert in Turkmenistan.

The turning point in his life came when he went to Spain for a year (1936-37).

"There was the beginning of the human struggle against fascism. I loved Spain and I loved the Spanish people. Sometimes I was sorry I had a camera in my hand and not a gun. But I felt that the camera was my weapon in the war of the Spanish people. I began my fight against fascism there and finished it in Berlin."

He spoke affectionately again of Hemingway "who was already a very big man and I had unlimited respect for his books." And he recalled with warmth their meetings in the trenches, in the International Brigade, "or even in the Florida Hotel where we drank whiskey together."

From the hot war of Spain, he was sent to the cold ice of the Arctic with an expedition searching for a Soviet pilot who had mysteriously disappeared on a record-

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"I talked with many of these living corpses."

breaking flight from Russia to America. It was another lesson in the immensity of the world's plan and it was obvious that Karmen relished the bleak romance of those long, solitary Polar nights.

But soon he was back into battle with his camera again, recording the Chinese defense against Japan's invasion. "It was a continuation of Spain, a people fighting for their independence, although quite a different people," and Karmen put what he saw on film and in a book.

Between China and the war which finally reached his home ground, he did a "big documentary," based on an idea of Maxim Gorky who wanted to show what happened in one day all over the world. They decided they'd better limit it to one-sixth of the earth, instead. One-hundred and twenty cameramen worked on that project and finished it shortly before Hitler invaded the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941.

On that day, Karmen went to the front and stayed there until the end. (Of 236 cameramen working at the front, 40 were killed during the war.)

FIRST HE FILMED the tragic days of the occupation, then the battle around Moscow. He went into Leningrad for two months during the worst time of the blockade in the winter of 1941-42 when the "streets were covered with people who had died from hunger" and produced a film, "Leningrad at War." The real authors of that film, he said, were the Leningrad cameramen who were dying of starvation.

At Stalingrad, he filmed the surrender of Colonel General Friedrich Paulus. "He was a completely defeated person. His hand shook when he took a cigarette. He held himself rigidly as a soldier but there was an impression of tragedy on his face.

"I had spent the second half of the war with a tank corps that helped to liberate Poland and then went on to Germany. I was the first cameraman in Warsaw; then we went on to the Oder and to Berlin. The commander of the tank corps with which I was traveling had become my friend in Madrid. It was very symbolic for me because we had started out together in Spain. I went out into the burning streets and thought how long a way it was from the barricades of Madrid to Berlin."

"But then," Karmen said, "I decided I hadn't finished describing fascism so I went to Nuremberg and made a picture about the trial for 10 months. It wasn't a film as to how they judged, but for what the prisoners were judged.

"I went into the archives of the German cameramen and into the Soviet archives where the horrors of fascism and the concentration camps were recorded."

He had his own memories to cope with as well. He had been the first reporter to enter Maidanek, Dachau Concentration Camp No. 2, when it was liberated. His story of that horror was serviced by United Press throughout the world.

More than 1.5 million European men, women and children were systematically murdered there and their bones were processed and canned for use as fertilizers on German fields.

"It is difficult to believe it myself," Karmen wrote in the story which appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle on August 14, 1944, "but my own eyes cannot deceive me. I see the human bones, lime-barrels, chlorine pipes and furnace machinery. I see the enormous dumps of shoes, sandals and slippers in mens, women's and children's sizes bearing the trade marks of a dozen European countries . . . The Russian Army arrived in time to save the last set of victims earmarked for slaughter (1000). I talked with many of these living corpses. That means I did most of the talking because few of them could speak or move."

One day, at the Nuremberg trial, he met Paulus coming from the courtroom.

"I meet you not for the first time, Mr. Field Marshal," Karmen said to him.

"I don't remember," Paulus answered.

"It was in February, 1943, at Stalingrad," Karmen said.

"He was startled and asked, 'How did I appear to you then?' You were very tired, I replied. We shook hands then. His look at Nuremberg was not so tragic as at Stalingrad, but he was very nervous. He had just seen Goering, Keitel and Jodl and so he was very shaken."

At that time, the German archives only had photos of Hitler coming to power and one of Himmler visiting a concentration camp. When Karmen began work on "The Great Patriotic War," he found other films of the concentration camps in East German archives, among the 4.5 million feet of film he screened from Russia, Germany, France, England, Czechoslovakia, Japan, Poland and Yugoslavia.

FOR A WHILE THERE WAS a respite from war, but not from the overwhelming job of rebuilding a shattered country. In 1953, Karmen won his country's highest award, the Lenin Prize, for his film, "Land of the 17 Ships," the very "romantic story" of a tiny island — "no bigger than my room here at the Fairmont" — in the Caspian Sea.

It always seemed to be covered with oil, and geologists

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"So I agree with all these demonstrations in the streets now to end the war."

finally discovered an unbelievably rich deposit, but there was no way to build oil dredging equipment in that small area. So scientists went a few miles away to Baku, purchased some old ships and partially sank them to make an artificial gulf. A city rose aboard the ships, complete with homes, clubhouses and even beauty parlors. Work for the mining of the oil went on through all the terrible storms in the Caspian, as did the work of this energetic cameraman.

A year later, he was in the jungles of Vietnam during the battles against the French, later reported in his book *Light in the Jungle*.

Karmen recalled a conversation with the general who was the Commanding General of French forces, then a prisoner of war of the Vietnamese. He and Karmen were drinking coffee and Dubonnet, and talking about the destiny of the French troops, when the general suddenly said, "These are people you cannot defeat."

"My heart hurts for these people," said Karmen. "They are clean and kind and brave and hard-working. They have pure hearts; they are heroic. So I agree with all these demonstrations in the streets now to end the war."

Karmen said he first met Ho in a bamboo hut in the jungle. " 'Please,' he said to me, 'I invite you into the palace of the President.' Later we had many talks. He is a very modest man and very close to his people. When he walks along the streets you can't tell him from a peasant. He has few personal belongings. His biography is extraordinary. All his life he has been fighting. He has simplicity, but he is also highly educated, very wise and intelligent. His popularity among the people is so great it's almost unbelievable. Even when he got to the presidential palace in Hanoi, he lived in the gardener's hut."

The time for our conversation was running out and I tried to ask some questions about political and artistic censorship in the Soviet Union. "You have more here," he said, reminding me that the day before, director John Ford pointed out that banks make the decisions today about American films.

"When we decided to make this documentary as a memorial for those who took part in the war and to show young people what the war was like, I didn't ask anybody about showing Stalin or not showing Stalin. I thought Stalin's part in the war was a matter of historical truth and I showed him. I didn't go into him broadly but no one got mad at me afterward for showing him."

THERE WAS ANOTHER PURPOSE in making the film, Karmen said. "In many films made in the West, you cannot find one Soviet fighting soldier, and yet tens of thousands of our cities and towns were wiped out. We want to remind people of this. We have due respect for the heroism of our allies who fought with us, especially the heroism of the London people under bombing, but the historical truth should not and must not be forgotten. Now when some people say the Russians want another war, they can see this film and understand that the Russians couldn't want another war.

"After the war was over, we were sure that not anything like this could ever happen again, but again fascism is raising its head. We see the same black shirts and swastikas in West Germany, Chile . . . and in your country." He said the last softly, and added, "although most Americans — this I believe — are against fascism. They fought against it and gave their lives. But I feel this grave situation can happen again. There is still so much unhappiness in the world, still so much injustice. And the purpose of all documentary film makers is to fight these evils. Documentary film makers cannot be neutral.

"I have many friends in the West," he said, "among the most outstanding of film makers and they are very afraid of the word 'propaganda', but at the same time, in their films they are the best propagandists of everything good; they are against injustice and fighting for peace. They make propaganda for the ideas of justice.

"And I want to say one word about truth," he added. There is a word used in the West — objectivity. I am for objectivity, but the real objectivity is the real truth. Sometimes people do not tell that truth although they cover it with seeming objectivity. This doesn't mean that a documentary film maker may not have his own *credo*, his own views, and he should not go away from his point of view, but he must show it fairly and honestly and should not distort events."

He showed a bit more of his own objectivity when he spoke of how honored he was to meet President Kennedy when he accompanied Mikoyan on his fateful trip to Cuba and the United States during the missile crisis. He thought Mr. Kennedy looked "strong and noble."

"You thought that even at that time?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered firmly.

"I have shot four wars in my life," he reminded me. "I hope I will not have to shoot another. One of my sons is a good TV cameraman. I hope he will not have to shoot another war."

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What the critics are saying about

The Scandal of Silence

by Edward M. Keating

"Mr. Keating seems to think that he is serving up a hot potato, but what he really has here is an egg, past its prime." *Pittsburgh Catholic*

". . . RAMPARTS . . . If this is the talent which guides the destinies of RAMPARTS, we may hope that both publication and publisher are fated to abide forever in that obscurity for which they are so handsomely qualified." *The Sign*

". . . there seems to be a basic dishonesty in his work . . . Criticism needs the deft hands of a loving surgeon; Edward Keating cuts with butcher's abandon." *Michigan Catholic*

"It would be too bad if clerics who read this book conclude that Mr. Keating is truly representative of those modern Catholic laymen who are trying to enrich the Church with discriminating, objective and reasoned critiques." *Catholic Review*

"Considering Keating's role as the middle-aged *enfant terrible* of the Catholic left, it is surprising to find that so many of his premises, insofar as he has premises, are conservative." *Jubilee*

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Books:

THE GEISMAR DREISER

by Maxwell Geismar

THEODORE DREISER: A NEW DIMENSION *by Marguerite Tjader. Norwalk, Conn.: Silvermine Publishers. 244 pp. $5.95.*

DREISER *by W. A. Swanberg. New York: Scribners. 614 pp. $10.*

The appearance of Marguerite Tjader's memoir of Dreiser, perhaps the best personal memoir yet to appear, gives me a chance also to discuss Bill Swanberg's highly-touted and incredibly wrong-headed biography. Miss Tjader's small book is acute, affectionate and candid; Mr. Swanberg's big book is either stupid—or malicious—or—. But that is what we have to determine in this space.

I want to open with Miss Tjader and to close with her. She first met Dreiser in New York in 1928-29 when, just after *An American Tragedy*, during a career, like his own temperament full of remarkable highs and disastrous lows, he was at the peak of fame, fortune and his own creative powers. The opening scene is the famous studio on 57th street where Dreiser, as some sort of genial, tumultuous, torrential, demonic and unconquerable natural force, presided over those strange soirees, American style, which once included a planned invasion by a troupe of dancing and nearly nude Nigerian head hunters.

In the course of this first chapter, describing the New York artistic scene of the late '20s, Miss Tjader moves around to the main aspects of Dreiser's life and career up to this point. There was his close friendship with John Cowper Powys, who shared with him the quality of dark genius and "strange radiance" which Marguerite Tjader, handsome and perceptive woman that she was and still is, was drawn to. "Dreiser was like a whirling dynamo that winter of 1929," says Miss Tjader, while she describes Helen Dreiser, his cousin and common-law wife in effect, and also Dreiser's first wife, and his secretary Evelyn Light, and the other women among whom this turbulent genius moved throughout his life like some contemporary Zeus surrounded by a bevy of nymphs.

. . . Dreiser was like a whirling dynamo . . .

Dreiser did indeed lean upon women for sympathy and support when it appeared that all the forces of repression in American society were determined to destroy him—and it is also true that he is almost alone among our major writers in his understanding of women. (This is perhaps a fatal flaw in American literature, running from Thoreau to Melville to Whitman; and the misogynistic element grows stronger with such contemporary artists as Dos Passos and William Faulkner.) But returning to Miss Tjader's account, and the New York scene of Eugene O'Neill, Edna Millay, the early Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, and the rest; and the year when Dreiser's newest mad — but not so mad, except for Dreiser — project was to bring the Russian Ballet to the United States, there was also his friendship with the brilliant bohemian-anarchistic spiritualist, Charles Fort, author of the *Book of the Damned*. "The *damned* were not people, but *facts*, happenings that science had banished or condemned to silence because it could not explain them."

. . . the damned were not people . . .

There is an interesting description of Dreiser's taste in music—naive, sentimental and intense; and there are several passages in the opening chapters of *Theodore Dreiser: A New Dimension* which try to get at the secret of Dreiser's magnetism as a human being and as an artist. For that is the only way to view him as our greatest novelist. When you consider him in this sense — as the only contemporary heir of such 19th century masters as Melville, Whitman and Twain—then all the strange, baffling, crude, vulgar, "naive," and also arrogant, haughty and cruel components of this complex native genius fall into place. And perhaps that is the first trouble with Mr. Swanberg's baroque and baffling "comprehensive biography" — that it attempts to bring Dreiser down to human scale, and in this case Mr. Swanberg's own narrow and restricted scale of propriety, moderation and general "niceness." Drei-

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. . . he was a volcanic force . . .

ser was not at all nice; he was a volcanic force — and Mr. Swanberg disapproves of this in what I can only consider to be a prissy manner.

The second flaw in this much-publicized "major biography" is the fact that Mr. Swanberg is not only not competent, as he states, to criticize or analyze Dreiser's *books,* much less, apparently, to understand them — but he does not even attempt to. What he does, instead, is often to quote the plot line of these great American classics, to give the critical comment of the time, which was usually unfavorable and nasty, then to give the background facts which went into that particular Dreiser book, which were often quite sordid, and then to add a snippy little crack of his own.

Take *The "Genius,"* considered the weakest of the series of great works which were released by Dreiser's torrential force from 1910 to 1915. I mean such famous novels as *Jennie Gerhardt, The Financier* and *The Titan,* the various editions of *Sister Carrie* still being reprinted, and yes, even *The "Genius"* itself, which re-read today has many magnificent episodes, far superior to anything in our current writing. What Mr. Swanberg does with this famous novel, which among other things finally broke the iron grip of an official American "morality," is first to trace the history of Dreiser's first marriage with Sara (Jug) White. Now there is no question that Dreiser was rough on women, that he despised the whole institution of marriage, that he was a "varietist" by temperament, and deeply, darkly, often most painfully sensual in his nature.

. Dreiser was rough on women . . .

But the whole point of *The "Genius"* is the marvellous central study of this tormented and anguished marriage. While Dreiser as a man was often harsh and distorted, Dreiser as an artist could not let himself be. And since Mr. Swanberg cannot presume to judge the central love-death relationship in this novel, all he can do is to show how nasty, mean, obscene, avaricious, dependent, and neurotic Dreiser was in the marriage.

Mr. Swanberg, indeed, takes the side of Jug Dreiser so strongly in this biography, that I suspect he shares part of her provincial morality and culture. Miss Tjader, on the other hand, reports that Jug was horrified at *Sister Carrie,* and even Mr. Swanberg admits it was possible she destroyed the script of *The "Genius"* because "it was a public spectacle of her private life with him." One of the things which annoy Mr. Swanberg about his oafish hero is Dreiser's habit of drawing from his life experience, including his sisters, his parents, his home, his newspaper days, his days with Paul Dresser in that Indiana mansion of pleasure, where the young Theo first met elegance, luxury, and all the extravagant pleasures of the flesh. Mr. Swanberg apparently thinks a writer *should* draw from life, but not from life so openly and immediately and so easily identifiable. This was the general complaint of Dreiser's own Victorian audience.

. . . Jug was horrified at er Carrie . . .

What is good about Swanberg's *Dreiser* is the immense body of fact it contains, much of it new, and some of it, as in the Doubleday affair about printing *Carrie,* in some contradiction of long-established Dreiser myth and folklore. But what is bad, what is fatal, is the way in which all this information is slanted just a little, consciously or not, to bring Dreiser down to "human" or perhaps inhuman stature.

. . . Dreiser myth and folklore . . .

And what is a blow to American literature itself — of which there is no evidence that Mr. Swanberg has any knowledge of either, so that he cannot really *place* Dreiser in terms of our older writers and their modern descendants — is that this big book will make it difficult, at least for a while, for another biography to supersede it. So this job will have to be done by the critical studies which Mr. Swanberg intentionally neglects, and by other memoirs, let us hope, like Miss Tjader's. The reason I am returning to her book is simply to try to discover, and to quote, some single passage of hers or of Dreiser's which will contradict the dry, factual, precise, almost anal portrait of this artist which emerges finally from Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* — a portrait which aims at entertainment, which avoids all really serious issues, which is discreetly, although perhaps unconsciously, disapproving; which is always trying to catch Dreiser *up.* Dreiser himself might have laughed at this (although Mr. Swanberg allows him no humor, irony, satire, in all of which he abounded), and said with Walt Whitman: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself."

. . . no humor, irony, satire . . .

"Nature contains multitudes," as the older poet said, and it was just this flow of life, in all its shifting variations, its contradictions and complexities, its strange mysteries and ruthless revelations, its alternations of brutality and tenderness, savagery and affection, good and evil, innocence and calculation, which the novelist Dreiser sought for until the very end of his life. In fact, during his closing years he wrote

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what was essentially a religious novel, *The Bulwark*, about the Quaker faith; he did a penetrating essay on Thoreau, of all persons; and then, like Tolstoi, he forsook fiction altogether in a metaphysical quest for the true meaning of the life force, human nature, fate, destiny and free will. These are the meditations which Miss Tjader is presently editing for a book — these same thoughts about life and man's destiny underlie all of Dreiser's work, and give an altogether complex depth to his so-called "mechanism" and "determinism." And this side of Dreiser's nature, which is precisely what raised him to the heights in his fiction, is, of course, dismissed by Mr. Swanberg as trite, just as he calls Dreiser politically "naive," meaning his relationship and intercourse — it was never a submission — with the Communist Party. Mr. Swanberg should be that naive, and then he might begin to understand what a great artist is.

. . . fervently pro-Russian . . .

Dreiser was indeed fervently pro-Russian from the mid-twenties on, but as with his venture with the Russian Ballet, it was a case even more of the arts than politics. During the thirties, when he was reaching a kind of personal menopause, which he was the first to admit, he did become an active political crusader — why not? Where are our writers today, so self-satisfied in their apolitical complacency while the world burns up around them? I would guess that Dreiser did his art more good eventually by his active social crusading than do our modern writers who, avoiding the entire field of history, society, and social conflict, have fallen back upon that whining and balding infant, cut off from everything but his own narcissism, which they have created as the typical hero of the 1960's. I mean, what Marcuse called "the one-dimensional man," but in truth it is almost, in our current crop of novels and plays, a one-dimensional baby; except that I do injustice to the love of life, the curiosity, the social interest and concern of true babyhood.

. . . a one-dimensional baby . . .

Dreiser's book on Russia too, was called *Dreiser Looks at Russia*, a confrontation, as it were, of two modern giants, and himself the first. During the forties, moreover, and at the outset of World War II this fervent radical wrote two bad books called *Tragic America* and *America Is Worth Saving* — collections of his sermons and speeches — which had curiously reactionary and pro-fascist sections. This was no man to be pinned down in *any* conventional category, and Miss Tjader has an entertaining, if grotesque, episode where, upon Dreiser's death, the spokesmen for both the Communist Party and the Congregational Church debated for the final word on this stormy spirit. Dreiser had, in effect, and following his usual theory of dualism and polarity, joined both groups — and neither.

. . . Mr. Swanberg really sneers . . .

Even in the very midst of his most intense and sometimes erratic political period — which Mr. Swanberg really sneers at, "Welcome, Comrade," and which is probably the underlying cause of Swanberg's distaste for Dreiser — Miss Tjader recounts how Dreiser suddenly turned "to the plane where . . . the creative mystic brooded over the fate of man." It was in the curious little sketch called *Matthewson*, of which Dreiser, in his gratitude offered the original manuscript to Miss Tjader, and which she, in her own pride and gratitude to him, refused to take — this same manuscript which Dreiser then, in a storm of anger, tore up and threw into the wastebasket. But just let me quote the first paragraph of this sketch: "As against the vital, the successful, the avaricious, the brutal — those who see life as something to take by storm or to win against by subtlety or, what is worse, inequitable chance, I offer Matthewson. He was a journalist and, by temperament if not by scriptic achievement, a poet and writer of distinction — yet with reservations of his own. That slim and somewhat small and perhaps more disadvantageous still, clerkly figure! Those dark, mellow and entirely unacquisitive eyes. The fine, long and somewhat pointed oval head, with a seemingly loose growth of limp black hair. The unobtrusive nose, sensitive mouth, pale rather bloodless hands and small, almost womanish feet . . ."

This is a sketch of one of Dreiser's old newspaper friends which I have never before come across in print; I doubt that it exists anywhere except in the typescript from which Miss Tjader took it. It is just a typical little example of what Dreiser could throw off in the midst of the most heated activity, and of what he really cared most about. The Dreiser, I mean, whom Miss Tjader has reverence for, and whom Mr. Swanberg mocks at. Mr. Swanberg's book, indeed, is a perfect example of the petit-bourgeois "virtue" which flourishes in a morbid society.

. . . Miss Tjader has reverence . . .

(Reprinted from Minority of One.*)*

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FIRST AND LAST
A TRUE ACCOUNT
ALL ABOUT THE
ONORARY MESSRS.
CHAPLIN,
LENNON,
ERIKSON,
MAILER,
SANJURO,
JAGGER,
et al.
OR
What's a pretty boy like you doing in a place like this?

by Jonathan Cott

"Men weep to jazz, and violence becomes sexual," Charlie Chaplin writes in *My Autobiography*. This beautiful book expresses Chaplin's sense of the palpable, quiet mysticism and the life of true communion (communication, communism) which we discover in works as disparate as Virgil's *Georgics, The Pillow Book of Sei Shonagon, The Winter's Tale,* or Bernanos' *The Diary of a Country Priest.* It is a sense of life which enables Chaplin to write of his Vienna: "sad sensuous Vienna. My predominant memory of it is a romance I had with a beautiful girl"; or of his recent days where "in summer we dine on the terrace in shorts and stay out till ten watching the twilight."

One wonders what Michael Chaplin's father would say about the Animals' "We Gotta Get Out of This Place" or of the following:

It wasn't long before old dad
Was cumbersome — a drag.
He seemed to get the message and
Began to pack his bag.

'You don't want me around', he said,
'I'm old and crippled too'.
We didn't have the heart to say
'You're bloody right it's true'. . . .

'The best of luck to you old dad!'
We said with slight remorse,
'You'll dig it in the workhouse man'.
(He wouldn't though of course.)

(from "Our Dad" by J. Lennon)

. . . *He does it on my head* . . .

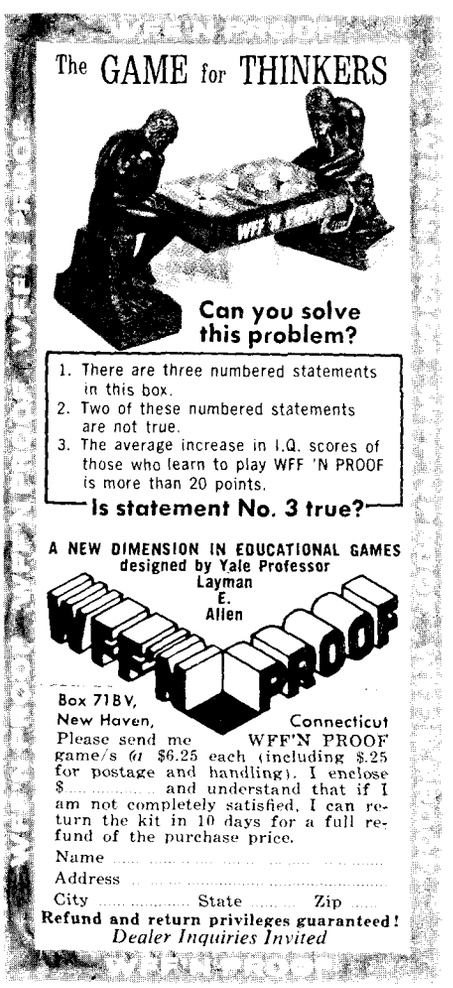
John Lennon's second collection of writings — *A Spaniard in the Works* — demonstrates, in George Ade's words, that the Boy is Sharp as a Tack and Keen as a Brier and a Natural-Born Humorist. Lennon's poems, especially "The Fat Budgie" (e.g., "He flies about the room sometimes/ And sits upon my bed/And if he's really happy/He does it on my head."), are especially fine work and might well be included in any anthology of English humorous verse. Lennon's language is consciously or unconsciously in the literary "tradition" of English humorists like Aytoun, Gilbert, Lear, Carroll, Wilhelm Busch, the *stuwwelpieter,* Joyce's Nightletter from *Finnegan's Wake,* Theodore Roethke's "nonsense" songs. Lennon's stories employ this "language" in order to depict idiot girls, gooks, cripples, blind men, "christians," and "jews." It is difficult to define the tone of Lennon's stories. One often worries whether they don't in fact reveal more ill-temper than savage indignation. But Lennon's account of Britain's "General Erection" combines both attitudes:

> We must not forget Mrs. Wilsod showing her toilets on telly . . . We must not forget Mr. Caravan's lovely smile when he raised the price of the M.P.s' (Mentals of Parliament) wagers as well also . . .
>
> Lastly but not priest, we must not forget to put the clocks back when we all get bombed. Harold.

. . . *groovies and fancy words* . . .

The humor throughout is that of choler, for *A Spaniard in the Works* exploits a humor of pain, the kind of humor we find in Molière's *The Misanthrope* and *Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa* — the humor of The Rolling Stones' manager, Andrew Loog Oldham, when he writes on *The Rolling Stones, Now!* record jacket: "Cast deep in your pockets for loot to buy this disc of groovies and fancy words. If you don't have bread, see the blind man, knock him on the head, steal his wallet and low and behold you have the loot, if you put in the boot, good, another one sold!"

One supposes it is this mocking, irreverent and resentful (in Oldham's case, delinquent) attitude which disquiets Brian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Epstein, manager of the Beatles. For in his "autobiography" entitled *A Cellar Full of Noise,* Epstein clearly chooses "amiable" Tommy Quickly, Cilla Black ("my lovely Cilla"), "robust and earthy" Gerry Marsden, and Billy J. Kramer ("perhaps in some ways [sic] the best-looking pop singer in the world") as performers more congenial and easier to handle than the more temperamental and talented Beatles.

. . . best-looking pop singer in the world . . .

In an essay entitled "Youth: Fidelity and Diversity," which first appeared in the 1962 Winter *Daedalus,* Erik Erikson writes:

> *Adolescent development comprises a new set of identification processes, both with significant persons and with ideological forces, which give importance to individual life by relating it to a living community and to ongoing history, and by counterpointing the newly won identity with some communal solidarity.*

Now if the "significant persons" hardly seem to exist, and if the ideological forces seem worthless and destructive, one loses the chance of obtaining the communal solidarity which Erikson talks about and which Chaplin's sense of life enabled him to create for himself and embrace. One might then withdraw and retroflex one's aggressions, as Genet does in *Our Lady of the Flowers:* "A gesture that went beyond the room, entered into the night, where it continued on to the stars, among the Bears, and even farther; then, like the snake that bites its tail, it returned to the shadow of the room, and into the child who drowned in it." Or one might opt for a violent style of life.

. . . snake that bites its tail . . .

Norman Mailer's excellent speech concerning Johnson and Vietnam, which he delivered to the Vietnam Day gathering at Berkeley in May and which is reprinted in the June 1965 issue of The Realist, locates the cause of our political sickness (or evil) precisely at that point where we react in frustration to our sense of our nonexistent "living community" in an arena of torture and murder which is merely the projected and symbolic field of our own vitiosity and ineffectuality.

One of the purposes of art — particularly movies and rock and roll, both of which seem to be the most significant and powerful forms of "communal solidarity" today — is to perceive continually and act out as forcibly as possible the sense of violence which Chaplin imagines estranges him from today's "youth," but which in fact, on recognition and acceptance of its existence, makes possible our return to Chaplin's world.

In a time when personal violence is feared with a violence of its own and when a mass destruction — the kind of which even St. Juste or Sorel could hardly have conceived — is a possibility, we need a violent kind of art to purge us of this terrible discrepancy. It must force the violence out of the edges of consciousnesses where we pretend that "niceness" and "placidity" are controlling our actions while in fact we wait comfortably and enviously for the external destruction we hide internally.

Let us for a moment scrutinize Akira Kurosawa's "Yojimbo," one of the most beautifully wrought and shockingly extreme expressions of violence (rivaled only by Koboyashi's "Hara-kiri") that any contemporary work of art has presented to us. "Yojimbo" displays a violence as shocking as it is exhilarating, especially so as it is manifested in a jolting comic style.

. . . Koboyashi's "Hara-kiri" . . .

For "Yojimbo" — set in a disintegrating 1860 Japan — is nothing if not the most exciting Western ever filmed. Yet it is a Western in the same way that "Shoot the Piano Player" is a gangster film or Kafka's *The Trial* and John Hawkes' *The Lime Twig* are mystery novels. In the TV Westerns, for example, the structure and conformation of the society continues to operate; only a few characters are killed off. Marshal Dillon and his crippled and frustrated friends reappear week after week. But in "Yojimbo," there is no deception, the violence is so real that almost the entire town and its population are destroyed and mutilated in the most terrifying ways. Arms are sliced off, men are torn apart by grinning killers, a dog carries a bleeding hand in his mouth, the screams of the dying make us shudder. And the jokes are centered around violence. We see the film's "protagonist," the Samurai Sanjuro played by Toshiro Mifune, seemingly cleave a man's back in two with his sword, and the victim thinks so too. But then Sanjuro tells him to "get up," and instead of his body breaking apart, the man realizes that he is still whole. This is a self-realization of a terrifyingly comic type, and it is a kind of humor that is as ghastly as it is direct.

. . . arms are sliced off . . .

Sanjuro kills six bodyguards who are guarding Nui, Kohei's wife, frees her, and helps her to escape with her husband and child. Humanism? Certainly not. And here we must focus upon the character of Sanjuro. He refuses women and tells Kohei he will kill him if he cries. What, then, motivates Sanjuro? He tells us himself at the

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beginning of the film: "It would be better if all these townspeople were dead!" This is just what he means; there are no complications to this man.

These townspeople, divided into two groups — one supporting the gambler Seibei, the other, the gambler Ushi-Tora, both of whom want to control the "whole territory" — are pictured as grotesque, pusillanimous and anxious. The terrifying truth is that the ends of these people are violent and nightmarish just because what they all fantasize to themselves — a frightful violent destruction, the brutal pleasure of which they shirk away from — occurs as actuality. What Sanjuro does is to draw the violence out of them by creating situations that have, ultimately, to explode in terror. He succeeds; the deaths increase as the film nears its conclusion. Sanjuro is eventually beaten up, but escapes to wreak the final destruction. To a man who screams out "Mother!" before Sanjuro finally allows him to escape, the latter says: "A long life eating mush is best." For those who pretend to act tough, death comes violently. Sanjuro doesn't deceive himself; he is a protagonist of violence. And the only other man similar to him is Nosuke, the pretty younger brother of Ushi-Tora, who shoots to kill with a love of the violence that eventually destroys him. "I'll be waiting for you at the entrance to hell," he tells Sanjuro as he dies. For these two have the same violent soul. Their perverse love, suggested in terms of personal jealousy and rivalry, is the only love displayed in "Yojimbo," and it too ends in terror.

. . . grotesque, pusillanimous id anxious . . .

. . . eating mush is best . . .

Even the brilliantly comic Western music score accentuates the film's violence, for, when we hear the Sanjuro theme, we smile at the knowledge that violence is about to break out. Kurosawa's perfect plot construction, his elliptical but savagely clear camera work, and his lack of artistic self-indulgence emphasize the fact that what Sanjuro does to the townspeople in drawing their violence out into the open is what Kurosawa with his film does to us.

. . . savagely clear camera work . . .

"Now it will be quiet in this town," the cunning, indestructible Sanjuro says after the violence is done and he leaves town. The catharsis has taken place; Sanjuro is, finally, violence personified, and we are reminded of Isaiah's: "At eventide behold terror; and before the morning they are not."

Movies and rock and roll music now seem to exist in a symbolic relationship with each other; their marriage has produced not only small budget films like "Flaming Creatures" and "Scorpio Rising" but also the Beatles' films, "What's New, Pussycat," and various rock and roll spectaculars (not to mention the Bikini Beach syndrome). And if Chaplin thinks that jazz is symptomatic of the moral disintegration of contemporary life, one wonders what he would say about rock and roll. As Tom Wolfe writes in *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby:* "Monk, Mingus, Ferguson — it has all been left to little executive trainees with their first apartment and a mahogany African mask from the free-port shop in Haiti — let me *tell* you! — and a hi-fi. But rock and roll!" This is of course a simplification, since Monk, Mingus, Taylor, and Coleman are important artists. Interestingly, Rolling Stones' drummer Charlie Watts has, in his *Ode to a highflying Bird* — written in the form of a "children's book" published only in England — a delightful obeisance to Charlie Parker. And aside from today's great jazz musicians, there exist the brilliant recent compositions of Stefan Wolpe, Elliot Carter, Charles Wuorinen, and Salvatore Martirano, for example, which should hasten us to discover the extraordinary creations of many of our little

. . . a mahogany African mask . . .

Dick Gregory

is funny to the core as he steps up From the Back of the Bus to ask the driver

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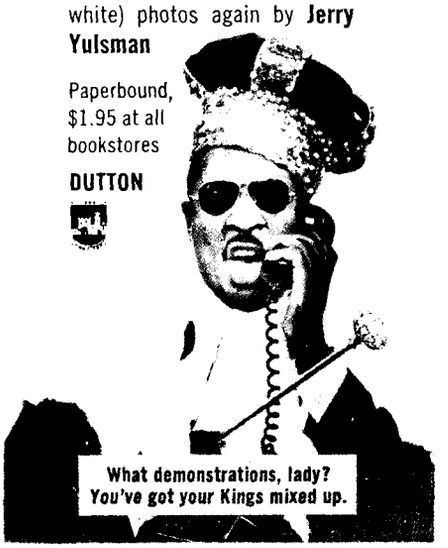

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recognized contemporary composers.

Still, rock and roll today is truly the cynosure of "communal solidarity." The Motown entourage, Bob Dylan, the Byrds, Jackie De Shannon, *et al.*, are our "significant persons." The most ironic fact is that the "persons" whom the "adolescents" are supposed to look up to are adolescents themselves. And of all our "significant persons," Mick Jagger, lead singer of the Rolling Stones, seems to me the most exciting.

It is difficult to imagine the powerful effect Jagger conveys in concert. It is not so much his sexual movements, his mouth, or his hands embracing his microphone which draw your attention, but rather his ambient air of total immanence. I can think of only one other artist, pianist Glenn Gould, who conveys at once so extraordinary an involvement with what he is performing and at the same time so complete a lack of involvement with the audience for whom he is performing. When Jagger sings "Everybody Needs Somebody," pointing to the audience at the words "I need *you, you, you*," you know he needs no one. Or when he sings "I can't get no satisfaction," you know he might as well be singing "I don't *want* no satisfaction." For Jagger's power lies in his ability to convince us of his satisfaction with his seemingly complete detachment ("Heart of Stone").

"I need you, you, you"...

It is not surprising that "Satisfaction" and Jackie De Shannon's performance of "What the World Needs Now is Love" were popular at the same time, even though the former was aggressively chant-like and the latter, gospel-joyful. Both songs convey extreme feelings. And the excitement of sterility in Baudelaire, of impotency in the Earl of Rochester, or of dissatisfaction in Jagger is equal in intensity to the joy of "What the World Needs Now," "Heat Wave," or "Boys" (by the Shirelles). It is the extremity of degree to which emotion is raised in Jagger's extraordinary renditions of "I Wanna Be Your Man" and especially of Otis Redding's "Cry to Me" and "That's How Strong My Love Is" or, literarily, the undercurrent suggestion in the deceptively quieter "Play With Fire" that the singer is having relations with mother as well as daughter in a joy house setting that creates Mick Jagger's and The Rolling Stones' power. If Jagger knows he needs a "way out" — as do we all — he might also know that until we can make human sense of our cluttered and isolating environment, we should accept a director like Kurosawa, a singer like Mick Jagger, and a writer like John Lennon as the masters of the closed world in which each one of us in some way lives. Each of these artists realizes we live in this "world" and each uses all artistic means to force us to an awareness that a more than "acceptable" artistic violence is not necessarily unacceptable, if we wish to get out of our place.

"I Wanna Be Your Man"...

Ode to a highflying Bird by Charlie Watts: Beat Publications Ltd., 244 Edgware Road, London, W.2, England. 7 shillings.

Cellar Full of Noise by Brian Epstein: Pyramid, paperback.

A Spaniard in the Works by John Lennon: Simon & Schuster. $2.50, 93 pps.

The Realist, Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y., N. Y., 10010. $3 per year.

The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby by Tom Wolfe: Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $5.50, 339 pps.

Jonathan Cott is on the faculty of the new experimental undergraduate school at the University of California.

BAREFOOT IN A MARSHMALLOW WORLD

by Michael Rossman

BERKELEY: THE NEW STUDENT REVOLT *by Hal Draper; Introduction by Mario Savio. New York: Grove Press. 246 pp. 95c.*

REVOLUTION AT BERKELEY *edited by Michael V. Miller and Susan Gilmore; Introduction by Irving Howe. New York: Dell. 348 pp. 95c.*

THE BERKELEY STUDENT REVOLT *edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin. New York: Doubleday Anchor. 585 pp. $1.95.*

"What do you feel about the FSM books?" I asked my friend Steve Weissman, who was on the FSM Steering Committee with me.

"The Academics are at the dung-heap with their forceps again."

"You can tell the bird by his droppings?" I suggested.

"Maybe. But you can't tell the way he flies."

Those who were FSM will understand this, will understand how I struggle without poetry to say something about these books, which is not in their image and dead names, missing the point as they miss theirs; to articulate the indelible sense of unreality, of irrelevance they leave me with. The sense is familiar, the conflict was cloaked in fog: were these writers talking to us, hearing us, even seeing us? How ironic, how fitting, to find it again, from the same sources and for the same reasons.

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I can only say — with the same strange Chaplin humor that infused every action of the FSM, yet finds no notice in these books — that the Failed Seriousness Quotient is very high.

FSM happened at the locus of Modern Scholarship. The entire armament of analysis hung poised and desperately avoiding contact with the Perfect Chance that shook a fist in its face; while we sang "I write theses/about feces/and it greases/my way up the line." Were we unfair? No sociologist finds it relevant that the novels Berkeley most quickened to in the past decade were Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and Heller's *Catch-22*, or that we lived that autumn semester in their grim worlds. Heller says: "There were terrifying, sudden moments when objects, concepts and even people . . . inexplicably took on an unfamiliar and irregular aspect never seen before . . . which made them seem totally strange." That's how it was, though you'll find no trace here. These books are unwitting texts, as the semester was a laboratory on the human need to reduce Events to safe comprehensibility, by rendering them in familiar names (the need is never mentioned, but maybe the psychologists' contributions were late).

. . . terrifying, sudden moments . . .

With the familiar, the writers succeed. One finds a corporate portrait of the Administration's personality: torn between honest liberal rhetoric and plural pressures; unable to speak to or even control the students, and later the faculty; caught off-balance by our every reaction, and able to respond only by a panicked sequence of blunders based on the premise that civilization was crumbling, which revealed a total inability to understand who we were. It's a human portrait that emerges in jigsaw fragments, and a similar but sketchier one of a faculty with old wounds opened of guilt and dissension. Given this, one can half comprehend, indirectly, a truly tragic fact: the "high official (who) simply did not understand the issue about advocacy (and) had to go out in the hall to have the University lawyers explain it to him" — after three months of struggle and 800 arrests — was the University's President Clark Kerr.

But only half. What is missing, besides poetry, is our face and with it any real understanding of what the whole affair meant. Why? The unknown is dangerous by definition: explain it away, kill it, by naming it familiar. The evidence that this happened is indirect but compelling. The face of FSM appears by its absence. For

. . . The face of FSM . . .

these books leave a few questions unanswered.

Who were we? "Intellectual lumpen proletarians, lumpen beatniks, and lumpen agitators . . . advocating a mélange of narcotics, sexual perversion, collegiate Castroism and campus Maoism," charges one contributor. "Intelligent students who were novices in political action," defends another. "Alienated non-I(deological) radicals," analyzes a third. "Sixty-eight per cent had no organizational affiliation," notes a survey. Plowing through this snowdrift of names, one almost doesn't notice that the face behind it is featureless: there's no sense of identity. And is the reason simply that only 82 of the 1201 total pages in these books were written by FSM members? I think not. (Nor, in this connection, do I find it strange that hundreds of articles have been written on and around FSM, but only a bare handful by us. Everyone's quick to speak of us, but no one asks us to speak.)

. . . Why did we do it? . . .

Why did we do it? Everyone who doesn't think we were all Neurotic Dupes agrees: Civil Rights, Civil Liberties, Educational Alienation (the surveys tend to contradict these views, and are thus ignored). But in the Great University, 1965 Model, we're all alienated-civil-rightist-libertarians. Why now? Why us? Why this way? Why so intensely? Why, simply *why?* The explanations are so convenient, so glibly plausible, so circular (like a psychosomatic nostrum), that it's easy to escape the frightening fact that they explain nothing.

What did we do? The wealth of chronologies and descriptions, spangled with errors and contradictions, makes little sense. Comprehensiveness substitutes for relevance, and no one warns that the most significant events are not discussed. But how could they be, without dealing with the *who* and *why?*

For example, the Police Car Episode. Draper alone devotes a few pages to it; his description is as refreshing and unsatisfying as Coke. Understand it, and you understand FSM: for FSM was forged around that car, *not* at the later 'convention,' and those two days were a miniature of the entire conflict. They furnished the emotional impetus for our fight, they were our signature on a promissory note of the heart; given the nature of the participants, events thereafter unrolled with the Greek inexorability remarked by us all (and unmentioned, unexplained in these books). But *why* should up to 3000 students sur-

. . . FSM was forged around that car . . .

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round a cop-car for two days, and risk expulsion, arrest, violence (and as some students, faculty and administrators felt) death?

. . . 4,000,000 sheets of paper . . .

No one answers, no one notes that every theme later developed was huddled with us around the car. We used 4,000,000 sheets of paper to expand those barefoot thoughts (and *only* those) spoken atop the car in the first true dialogue I have heard in America. It was all there: the 'non-negotiable' issues; the unexpected intensity of our commitment and community; our strange honest humor; the absent estrangement of the faculty; the Administration's refusal to speak to us save via 650 cops, or even to see us, encamped under its nose; our desperate spontaneous democracy; and the total loneliness. You'd never know this from the books, never know that no single real element — psychological, tactical, dialectical, compositional — entered the controversy from then till its climax: all that we were, all that we faced, was there full-fledged around the car, in every sense.

Is this fact merely an aesthetic curio? Or does it lead to an idea: that around the car an irrevocable commitment to the creation of an Event was made, that the stalemate of Nothing New had to ensue until the Event dropped its other shoe or was made to? And if so, what was the nature of the Event, and why the commitment? No one asks these questions because they're truly terrifying: they demand an explanation perpendicular to all the frameworks of these books (cheap answers might be drawn from theories of psychology, existentialism, or apocalypse, but they wouldn't wear well). I have no glib answers: those frameworks are mine too, which is why I have trouble suggesting the questions. But the book on FSM which will be relevant to our lives, and not merely a winter pastime, must deal with these questions in some form. And the quality it must have I can only and inadequately call 'poetry.'

. . . I have no glib answers . . .

Let us go back to "given the nature of the participants . . .": what was our nature? I don't have an easy bag to put it in, but let me make notes on its strangeness by examining some details of another key incident: the Abortive Sit-In. Two months later FSM sat, 5000 strong on a Friday lawn, to hear our representatives denied audience before the Regents, the Highest Authority. Instead, they rejected the central technical point (on advocacy) of our whole fight, by a policy formulated five weeks earlier (before the "negotiations" they calmed us with); and visited gratuitous punishment on 'hostages' from before the Police Car Episode.

. . . 5000 strong on a Friday lawn . . .

Our Monday response was remarkable. In part, we *sang:* not the tired, self-conscious protest songs of the '30s, but our own felt words to Beatles' tunes and Beethoven, serenading the IBM card from the steps of the Administration building, the death of responsibility caked in liberal rhetoric that had stalked the campus like Heller's plaster-cased soldier come to life, our loneliness in a pluralist marshmallow world. Those songs are a gold mine (untapped, natch) for the anthropologist, folklorist, social psychologist. I'll excuse my impulse to examine just one — a tribute to our President — by saying that such impulses were part of FSM's style. *Besides,* you won't find the songs in the books.

. . . like Heller's plaster-cased soldier . . .

As background — three sets of words that everyone knew, part of the fog we flew through: the "Property of the Regents . . ." plaque on the slim strip of brick from which activities had been removed, the quote in the metropolitan dailies, that "49% of the hard-core (demonstrators) are followers of the Castro-Mao line," (which Kerr claimed on campus months later was a misquote, but never bothered to retract before the public in whose name we were later arrested); and Kerr's description of the institution to which our lives were committed: "The university and segments of industry are becoming more alike . . . The production, distribution, and consumption of 'knowledge' in all its forms is said to account for 29 percent of the gross national product . . . and 'knowledge production' is growing at about twice the rate of the rest of the economy."

. . . Clark Kerr has called us Red! . . .

And so we sang an early carol: "Joy to U.C., the word is come:/Clark Kerr has called us Red!/If you are 49%/you can't work for the government:/the knowledge factory/turns out more GNP/without your subversion/on its property." And sang it *joyously.* For what other sane response was possible, to a bankruptcy of the heart whose dimensions were inexpressible in analytic prose? Certainly, we were seriousness personified; we've jail sentences to show for this. But faced with the absurd, in every sense, there is a dimension of response without which seriousness is meaningless. We had it; it is hard to examine; but our ubiquitous "humor" is an essential testimony to our sanity. That "humor" was also an indelible stamp on

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our use of words like "democracy" and "moral commitment," which—for the first time in our American lives — had become alive and real. In a rhetoric fog of words without substance, we often treated ours lightly, as if leaning on them too seriously might again crush the life from them.

. . crush the life from them . . .

After the songs, we had a sit-in, which the commentators to a man dismiss as signaling FSM's death. (True, we were dispirited in the remarkable meeting that followed, in which almost 100 people aired grievance and analysis, speaking in strict rotation from the doubled circle of face-to-face without which we could not meet. But the dispirit was, I think, the realization that the other shoe still hung, and would have to be forced.)

No one notes that the movement had been steadily gathering momentum, that a process was in progress which was fueled, not killed, by Friday; that we left the sit-in singing; and that the "formal apparatus" of FSM continued its activity unchecked. Everyone attributes FSM's "miraculous revival" to the "ill-timed" action of the Administration in calling up students for fresh punishments on stale charges. (Was what we laughingly called "the Inevitable Atrocity Theory of Administrative Activity" only a metaphor?) No one discusses that sit-in, nor the Big Sit-In two weeks later — surely the oddest one this country has seen — that landed 800 of us in jail and fulfilled the promise made around the Car (Draper describes us, and notes our strangeness, but he does not try to explain it).

. . 800 of us in jail . . .

Such unanimity is charming, and suspicious by virtue of its rarity. No one sees anything significant in the fact that the sit-in was preceded by a formal debate on whether or not to sit in. And no one mentions that during the debate one of the professors most respected by FSM, who had considerable influence with the students, asked to be allowed to speak *against* the sit-in. The Steering Committee — which had kept the movement resolutely free from faculty tempering — debated the proposition then and there, and agreed to substitute him for the weaker of the two speakers against: those who were *for* the sit-in prevailing in this view over those who were against. Now, this is a hell of a way to run a movement, no?

I could go on, but why? Something's wrong here; all the descriptions are subtly askew, subtly irrelevant. There are signs of dissatisfaction with the models: Draper complains we aren't ideological, Goodman

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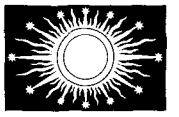

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complains we aren't analytical. Wolin complains we aren't cautious, and those against us just complain. Everyone wants to put us in his box, and we just don't fit.

I don't mean to imply that these books are worthless. They are fascinating artifacts from which emerge, for example, half a dozen indirect name-calling debates, and an absurdly-serious surface picture of the naked ugliness of the Liberal Pluralist Establishment. The feeling that 113 blind contributors are feeling the elephant is inescapable; but not all of the contributions are totally perpendicular to relevance. The Lipset/Wolin tome has contributions by Kerr and Cleaveland which are indispensable; and Wolin's own *Abuses of the Multiversity*, which prefaces a brief and beautifully humane description of the conflict by saying:

. . . feeling the elephant . . .

> "Yet the authority of (this seemingly invulnerable institution) crumpled under the pressure of a few thousand students who had no other power than the moral courage to say 'no' before the colossus and the tactical skill to say it at the right time and in unison. Absurd it may have been, but trivial it was not."

The Miller/Gilmore book provides the Petras/Shute article, a sweet critique of the nominal political situation within which we functioned, and Trillin's *Letter From Berkeley*, the only article giving a sense that we were human beings. Draper's book is that of a well-meaning friend; of all the nonstudent writers, he was the only one to take the trouble to watch us in operation consistently. This lends a partial validity to his book, reflected in his liberal quotations from our persons and pamphlets; read it if you can read only one. The best potential single piece, by my odd lights, is the abridged version (⅛ of the text) of Ken Sanderson's joyous epic poem *Multiversity Lost*, tucked away as an appendix in Miller/Gilmore. The original poem does more to reflect the living complexities, the turbulence, and the lack of easy answers that so characterized the controversy (even, or especially, in FSM's collective mind) than these books together do. Little of this shows here: the abridgement was, at best, clumsy.

. . . Multiversity Lost . . .

But the books are relevant in a deeper sense. They are a complex landscape peaked by humaneness and fissured by spite, drifted deep by leaf-skeletons of words in the winter weathers of the heart, with no blank places marked *Here There Be Tigers;* these contours were the mold that shaped FSM (and this review). They are the archetypal trace of the ambience we struggled within and against, even on their surface. The Lipset/Wolin tome is modeled after Kerr's view of his role as President/Mediator, so liberally and revealingly quoted in his words: all the leading, organized interest groups are represented (but a critical part of FSM's nature is that it wasn't organized), and the book succeeds in being distasteful to every constituency, a sphere bristling with views that balance each other hopelessly. (But there's another dimension without which everything is flat, and it's absent.) As on the campus, comprehensiveness substitutes for relevance, criticism for judgment. The Miller/Gilmore book has the same difficulties, less offensive because its authors are apprentices in sympathy with FSM. Draper's book, in his own cranky-but-fun style, is mostly a fairly evocative description of the surface of events. It bogs down when he tries to analyze what FSM was, in basically political terms; the dead names of the past cloud his eyes.

. . . cranky-but-fun style . . .

In these books taken together, FSM appears in reverse: the absent dimensions are revealing. There is no humor, no poetry, no community, no contact with the real, no collective sense of value, no sense of the strange. The atmosphere is one of analytical structures that refuse to become relevant, to function properly. Ironically, no one notes the most characteristic theme of FSM's dialogue on education, politics, scholarship, etc.: not that the structures should be changed, but that they should function properly and relevantly: we did not want new channels, new methods, but the proper functioning of those that were.

Michael Rossman is a member of the staff of the new experimental undergraduate school at the University of California.

No Comment Dept:

TENNIS ANYONE?

by Anselm Atkins

Vatican II publicity has made us all aware of the diversity of rite tolerated within the Catholic Church, especially around the Ethiopian fringes. But some nooks and crannies, ancient and strange, have never been exposed to daylight. In the interest of anthropologists, sociologists of religion, rubricians, and the wondering laity, I wish to present an outline of the ritual habits of the biggest, ruggedest, prayingest contemplative order going. I conceive this report as a technical supplement to J. Huizinga's *Homo Ludens: A study of the play element in culture.*

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The ritual of the monastic oratory, as devised by St. Benedict and his diverse sons and daughters, can only be described as "play." What follows is a summary of the official games played, with their objects and rules. Keep it by you for reference when you read monastic literature; visit monasteries on retreat; see monks on television, or read about them in *Time*.

Lines and Squares "Step on a crack and break your mother's back." Sacred lines—the expansion joints in a sidewalk, the "pee-leg" line at track, hopscotch lines—may not be violated. A. A. Milne's verse about the bears—"Bears, Just look how I'm walking in all of the squares"—is based on this *Weltanshauung*. Monks, too, demarcate their churches with invisible dividers. Jung-Cartesian coordinates run longitudinally down the dark Gothic nave from altar to vestibule, and latitudinally between the superior of the choir on the left and the superior of the choir on the right. The latitudinal or abbot-prior axis may not be crossed except by a reader or a servant of the church, on his way to his duties. All other trespass is forbidden. The altar-vestibule line, however, may be crossed if a neutralizing bow is made. As with the Neptune ritual at the equator, the idea is to duck and get going.

Musical Chairs Played standing, sitting or kneeling, the game is to move as many times as possible before ranks in choir are closed. Each monk has an assigned place which he takes upon entering church. In place and settled, he looks around, guesses who is coming late or not at all, and tries to move homeward, space by space, until no more spaces are left, or until the intonation of the first psalm signals the general fill-in and the end of play. Any move after fill-in scores double. If, for example, the cantor arrives late, all to the east move back one space, and all score double. Any move that forces others to move scores as many additional points as there are players moved.

If a player takes more than one stall at a jump he first bows (except at Tierce) to the altar. No one may pass his senior, but cantors and their assistants may pass anybody, within limits. Abbots' and priors' stalls are not filled except (as happens) by themselves. When a monk is called out of choir by the telephone or business, the players to the east may fill in, and score.

Good players often make two or three moves before a service ends, and may accumulate 25 or 30 points by the end of Prime (which, to date, monks retain).

Red Rover "Red Rover, Red Rover, let (N—) come over." Ned (or Nell) runs against a line of locked wrists and either breaks through at a weak point and returns to his own lines with a captive, or is himself caught. Liturgically, a runner is caught if the monks, bowing for a doxology, hem him in as he makes for his place. A choir leader catches by stepping out of his stall to intone while one or more men pass on their way to fulfill a function at a different location. But the leader himself is considered caught if the runner pushes by. Using the hands is a foul. The first superior may catch as many runners as he pleases by rapping the start signal: all drop on knees and knuckles, and those off-base are caught. Other observers, however, make this a separate game and call it "No Man on Feet" or "Red Light, Green Light."

Red Light, Green Light The object of this game, in its religious setting, is to get as close as you can to your home base without being caught in motion.* "Red Light, Green Light," then, is an enlargement of "Red Rover," in that one is considered caught by a "Red Rover" even when no one is anywhere near him. Also, movements during a doxology or intonation are illicit. One stands stock-still to be "safe." If one has not reached base by the time fill-in occurs (see "Musical Chairs") he is caught, regardless of whether he was in motion. He must start over at the sanctuary step and pay a penalty (q.v.).

Penalty "Penalty" is a cousin of "Truth or Consequences" and a direct descendant of "Transgression" as formerly played in Jewish circles. It is really an anti-Wittgensteinian meta-game: it establishes rules which shall hold for other games. A "Penalty" is the pink card that reads "Go directly to jail, do not pass 'Go,' do not collect $200." As the English teacher says, it's like when you goof.

A "Penalty" is drawn by one who comes late, makes a disturbing noise, confuses a syllable in psalmody, or completes a reading not letter-perfect. In "Penalty," if a leader reads the wrong prayer, the cantor or subprior corrects the error by reading the right one, and the offender prostrates. If a singer intones the wrong words, the cantor breaks in with the right words, and the offender pays "Penalty." In the

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* *For Monks Only: St. Benedict moralizes overmuch here, and his interpretation deserves no higher place than the specialist's footnote.*

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days when sport was sport and the weak only watched—that is, before the *Usages* were brought really up to date—there was a hierarchy of correctors: cantor, subcantor, subprior, prior, and abbot. A corrector who failed to correct the next lowest corrector—supposing that that corrector had neglected to correct—was himself subject to correction. Veterans remember one legendary abbot barking out a correction that sent the transgressor and the whole Kafkan hierarchy of correctors on their noses to the step. Such a thing was called a "strike."

"Penalty," like Hearts, is usually played for low. But there's always a "Black Mariah" for someone, and every choir has someone who likes to try for 26.

DUMBBELL

Sometimes called "Spoons." Monks chant from two kinds of books: the psalter and the book of antiphons. Each office is composed of songs, psalms, and prayers scattered here and there through these books. There is seasonal, daily, and hourly variety. In choirs where three men share one large book, the midmost, or "tender," finds the places in it. You are "Dumbbell" when everyone but you has the right place. You and your partners must skip the turn or borrow a look from the adjacent team. If three or more tenders on one side of the choir are "Dumbbells" at once, silence ensues and the opposite side scores a *coup*. If a tender exhibits the wrong place to a leader to sing from, the tender alone is "Dumbbell"; the leader merely pays "Penalty." Expert players turn their pages softly and discreetly, so that if you doze off while the desert owl is in the ruins, all the other players will be three or four pages and several Positions ahead when you finally wake up and find yourself throwing about in the Red Sea.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

Everyone takes a palm or candle in the right hand, a song-book with a few markers in the left, and sets out after the Master of Ceremonies. Three-handed monks may not play. The Positions and moves are posted previously on the bulletin board, but the MC is not bound to follow them. The MC is permitted to go up and down steps, through crypts and corridors, into sudden sunlight, and into mud, wind, and workmen. Sacred lines are not observed on such festive occasions, and, if Grail psalms are being used, neither are "Penalties." If a bell rings it's "Red Light, Green Light." If you balk or drop a marker you're a "Dumbbell." The object is to get "home" before the cantor can intone the Introit.

SANCTUARY FOOTBALL

For seven or more. The game is not confined to monasteries, although monks are the most prodigious players. The general rules are too well known, and the peculiar plays of local MC's too secret, to warrant or allow any description. Whether the line-up is facing the grandstand or not, and whether the signals are in code or not, it's still "Sanctuary Football." Single-wing to the right, end-around, guard pull-out, handoffs, interference, fakes, and fumbles; substitutions, referee, band-and-twirler, water boy, and commentators. If this is a touchy subject we can just drop it.

SOLITAIRE

When no organized play is going on, little games of "Solitaire" break out here and there. This game is indulged in by the gregarious as well as by the loner. You can play it and still be a good sport. As Alfred Whitehead remarked, "Religion is what a man does with his solitariness." One game—"Beads"—employs tokens made of glass, wood, lucite, brass, seeds, or epoxy. The player moves his fingers from token to token and mentally attends to a religious subject. Other forms of "Solitaire" common in the monastic oratory are "Stations," "Book-and-Pencil," and "Nose-and-Throat." Sometimes the "Solitaire" technique is combined with "Twenty-One Positions," and then it is called "Yoga." Said one cynic, "Zen what?"

Besides all these official games, there are private unnamed games. Two monks —"whether in the body or out of the body, I know not, God knows"—compete to find names of animals lurking in the Latin texts, and have already found many, including ant, clam, mare, squid, cat, bat, ibis, sole, gnu, alligate, and mini (a small fish). But most of the unlicensed games are too subtle and exquisite for memory or paper to record. In them the monks romp with the freedom of the sons of God. It is only here, in fact, that some are finally able to find an application for the mysterious apothegm, "True worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

Oratory games are, of course, only one small facet of the play element in the practice of contemporary monasticism. I seriously urge anthropologists to undertake a thorough study of the whole subject before this way of life falls victim to the *aggiornamento*, or before the pressure of an evolving world renders it extinct.

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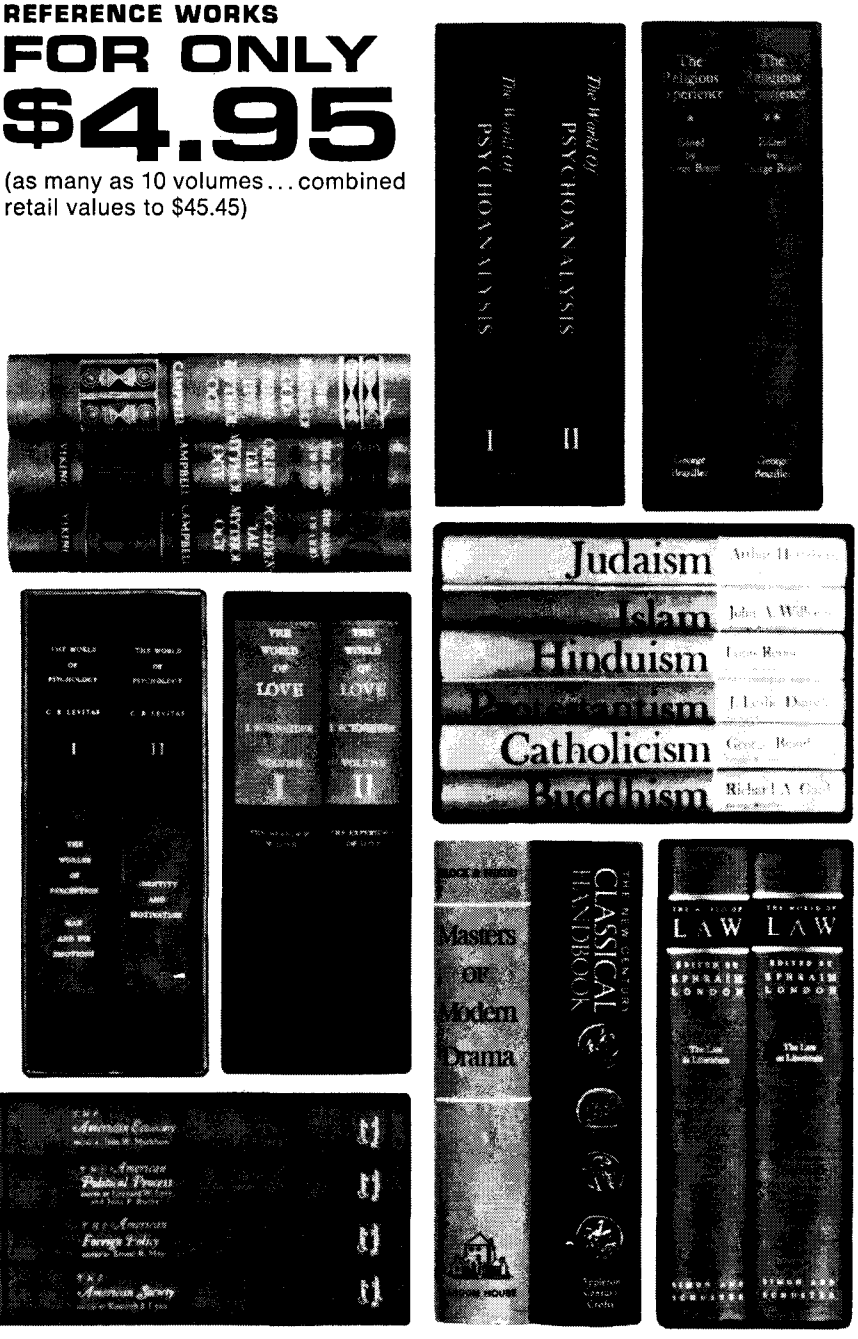

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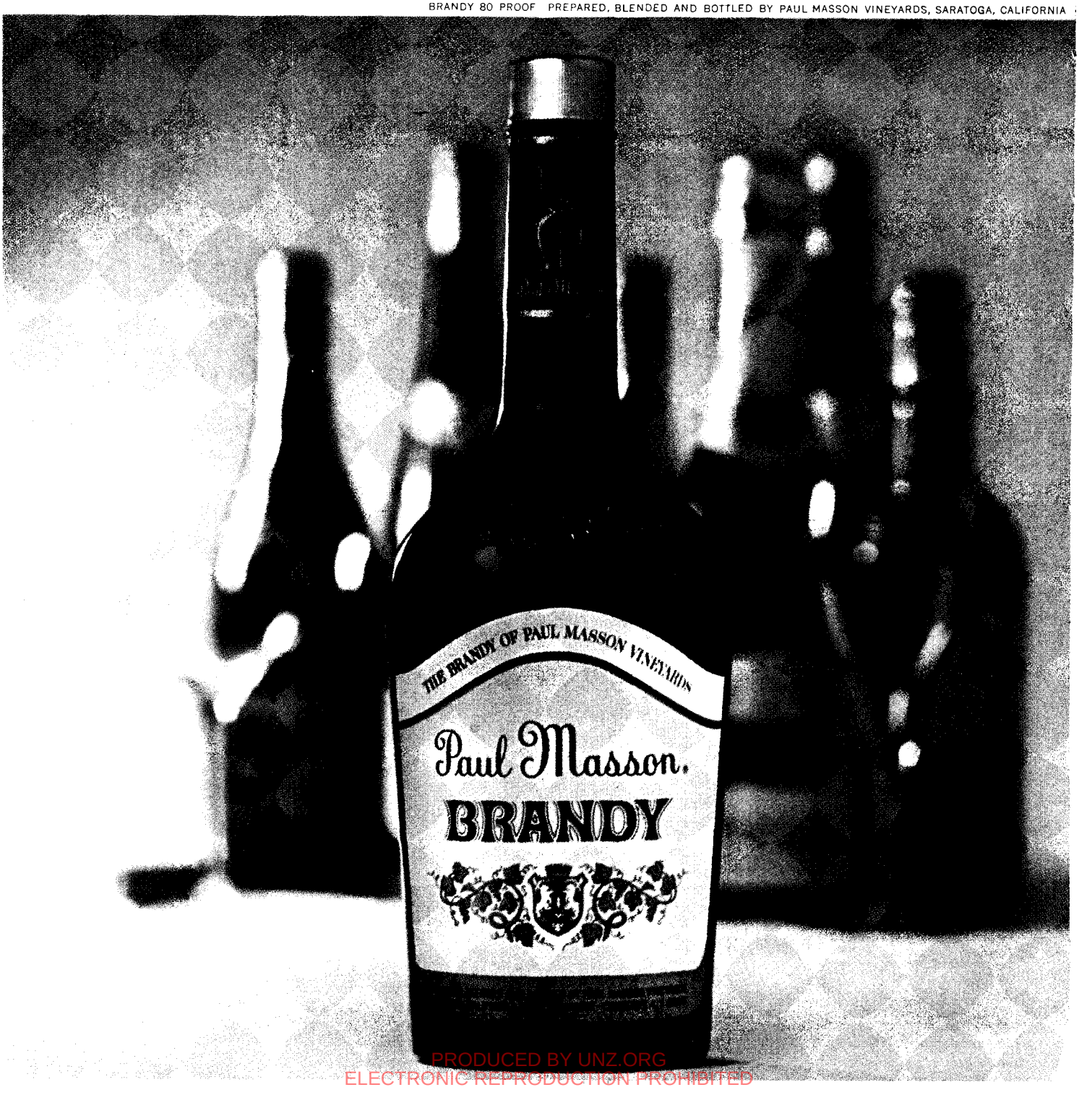

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